THE PASSING-BELL Rung out.

Job 14. ver. 1.

Man that is born of a Woman, is of few dayes, and full of trouble.

Horrorem mortis si vis fugere, ad Deum fuge, Auguſt.

By *James Harwood*, B. D.

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To the Right Honorable,

THE LADY
CAPELL,
Dowager.

THE Honour I ever bare to that bright ſhining Star of Loyalty, your late deceaſed Lord, obliges me to dedicate theſe few Lines to your ſingular Goodneſs; they will occaſion ſerious Thoughts in ſad times, and point you out the way to Life by Death. I know a great part of your Joy on Earth is gone to Heaven: And ſince Death made a way for your Noble Lord, I truſt in the Lord, this ſhall ſweeten to you the thought of the approach of Death. I have made bold to ſet a ſad Object before your eyes, you may mix it with your worldly Enjoyments, as the Iſraelites did their bitter Herbs with their pleaſant Paſſover: It may ſeem at firſt to kill, but cures, onely removing our Landmark from a Copyhold at Will, to a Fee-farm of Eternity. Theſe after Noiſe may ſeem as harſh as Jacobs hands were rough; but I hope not ſo to you, who in life have learnt to dye. A ſhort leſſon, yet to ſome, too long a learning; God hath bleſſed your Honour with long Dayes, yet ſome of them have been overcaſt with a black cloud of worldly calamity, which many months put all your Family and dear Friends into mourn-

ing-weeds. What was this, but the meſſenger of Death ſent to one, to warn you and all yours, and all others, to make ready to dye. Madam, pardon my preſumption, I onely put you in minde of him, of whom you have too timely an aſſurance he will ſpare none; what I here preſent to you, is not to terrifie you with Death, but put you in mind what you may gain by dying. And know, Right Honorable, that as none was admitted into the Temple of Honor, but ſuch who firſt went through the Temple of Vertue; ſo none can come to the life of Glory, till they have made their paſſage by the death of the Body; your high hopes in reverſion will ſweeten the thoughts of that meſſenger of mans mortality, which the more you think of, the better you will be prepared for your long journey. And this I take to be the chief cauſe, why the Emperors of Conſtantinople in their Inaugurations on their Coronation dayes, had a Maſon, who came and hewed them ſeveral ſtones, and willed them to chuſe which of thoſe ſtones ſhould be made fit for their Grave-ſtones.

You ſee at the Eſpouſals of Emperial Crowns, it was thought fit to caroll out this doleful ditty, Memento mori, *O man, remember thy end. It ſhall not be my laſt, but everlaſting ſuit, in this you would imitate the Princes of the Nations; and whilſt by Divine Goodneſs, you are Inheritrix of large Poſſeſſions, at the ſame time to bear in mind how here we have no continuing City. God for his goodneſs, and Chriſt for his Merits bleſs you and all yours, which ſhall be,* dum ſpiro, *the Prayer of*

Your devoted ſervant
to command,
JAMES HARWOOD.

THE

THE PASSING-BELL Rung out.

Job 14. Ver. 1.

Man that is born of a Woman, is of few dayes, and full of evill.

MY Soul is embarked in a craſie Sculler, here is the Paſſenger, and here is the Veſſel.

My Soul is ſailing on from a tranſitory life of Vanity, to an eternal life of Glory.

In all my Spiritual Sea-ſick paſſage, behold and hear a change of Notes.

No more, Soul take thy eaſe; No more, Faciamus tria Tabernacula. *No more,* Quid dabitis & ego tradam vobis?

No, all the noiſe is, Vanity upon vanity, all is vanity.

The Pilot ſickneſs calls on me to embark, and now Naboth's Vineyard, Belſhazzar's Bowls, Jona's Gourd, *theſe give no content.*

Yet this my preſent viſitation I bid welcome, knowing it is the back-door which lets me in, into the Kingdom of heaven; and therefore go toll the Bell, that all good people may take notice how nigh I am to my end.

Let them go toll the Bell, whilſt I tune my tongue to the Paſſing Bell.

My Ditty is Mortality, *my Tune* Lachrymæ, *my Time ſhort* Semiquaver *time, which will admit of no Reſt.*

Give me leave to enchant your ears with a Language will put every one of us in minde of our ends.

I have, and for this cauſe, bethought me of ſome ſelect Sayings, worthy of your remembrance.

Every ſentence ſhall give you notice of your end, and how, HERE, *you have no continuing City.*

The

THE FIRST PART OF THE Souls departing Ditty:

Quod faciendum eſt ſemel, deliberandum eſt diu.

1. I Have a * work to do, I am but once to do it, and I am undone, if it be not well done.

* *To paſs from life to death.*

2. Let me take more pains to die well than to live long, otherwiſe my long life will bring me to an ill end.

3. To return from the dead impoſſible; all my life then I will prepare for death.

4. When death will come, I know

not; that it will come, I am ſure of it; but once, *O make ready!*

5. This life is a Summers-day before death; Death follows after, *Set thine houſe in order.*

6. Hath God given me length of dayes; it is, that in life, I may prepare for death.

7. He that dieth daily, hath done his work, before the night of death ſhuts day in.

8. I have but once to go hence and be ſeen no more, that I play not loath to depart, my laſt parture, I will bear in my remembrance, and for ever.

9. Before the day of Battel what a world of preparation; the War begins, when Death comes; it's wiſdom before it come, to make ready.

10. They call death *Charaons* boat, I am ſure it wafts the ſoul from a material to an immaterial world; my advice, eye the Barge before thou enter, all one, with *remember* thy end.

11. I have but one ſtep to eternity;

it

it is from life to death, I will be preparing this body of mine, to win the garland of a bleſſed immortality.

12. O the ſerious thoughts while I live! How I muſt die, theſe do ſo make me run, that I may obtain a Crown of Immortal glory.

13. In my life I will oft meditate on death; when death doth come, it will be more welcome.

14. He that thinks not of his end till ready to die, his unthought of ending is like an *Enthuſiaſts ſermon*, poor ſtuff.

15. The ſound of the Paſſing Bell aſſures me there is ſome to day likely to die; is it ſo nigh night, it is high time then to work out my ſalvation; leſt the night of death put in, and none can work.

16. I have a task ſet will take up all my time, *viz.* to die well; while I live then, I will learn to die; leſt being found unprepared, it be ſaid, *Thou fool, this night thy Soul ſhall be required of thee.*

17. There is one, and it will not be long ere he come and call, and knock at thy door, his name is Death, with *Martha* thou hast been troubled about many things; O this * *unum necessarium*, let it not be forgotten.

* That I must die.

18. As thou camest by the womb, thou must go by the grave: Learn then in life, how to be freed from death.

19. *Maximilian* the Emperor made his Coffin alwayes to be carried along with him, to this end, that his high Dignity might not make him forget his Mortality.

20. How many messengers have brought word that Death will quarter here; sad news, wouldst thou sweeten them, fear God and keep his Commandments.

The ſecond part of the Souls departing Ditty.

Statutum eſt omnibus ſemel mori.

21. WHat was long ſince decreed in Heaven, God hath ſent Warrants to execute on Earth, *ſemel mori, for us once to die.*

22. King *Xerxes* ſtanding on a Mountain, and having many hundred thouſands of his Souldiers ſtanding in the plain, fell a weeping, to think upon it, how in a few years, and all thoſe gallant valiant men *muſt die.*

23. *Adam*, he lived 930 years, and he died.

Enoch, he lived 965 years, and he died.

Methuſalem lived 967 years, and he died.

O the longeſt day hath its night, and in the end man muſt die!

24. The Princes of the Nations

paſs ſentence of death upon others: Well, it is not long, but their turn will come, *Semel mori, once to die.*

25. When the keepers of the houſe tremble, the grinders ceaſe, the lookers out of the windows be darkned, then man is taking his journey to his long home, *to die.*

26. As is the Law of the Medes and Perſians, irrevocable, ſo is that univerſal ſentence, *Semel mori, for all men once to die.*

27. It is reported, how there is a white and black Mouſe, which continually gnaws at the root of a tree, untill the tree fall down: Man's the tree, the day and night the white and blak Mouſe; in a ſmall time theſe hew Man down, and *he dies.*

28. *Baruch*, and *Gideon*, and *Samſon*, they are all gone, and we are to follow after, *and to die.*

29. Better is the houſe of Mourning, than Mirth, this teacheth me to live in pleaſure, and die in pain, that learns me

me in this life to die to ſin; that now I muſt die, I may live with God.

30. But where are theſe Heralds, who blaze that Coat of Death! The Years Autumn, the Seas Ebbing, the Suns Setting: theſe aſſure me, how man never continues in one ſtay. *Man in honour laſts not long.*

31. It is not long, and the Sun ſets, the Tyde turns, and the Leaf falls, and Man muſt as aſſuredly expect a change.

32. *Dira at vera*, Terrible but true news, it is this, not long, and the gathering Hoaſt of *Dan* muſt ſweep us clean away.

33. Many of us live where our parents lived, & live of the ſame lands which they lived of: It is not long, and our children ſhall do as much for us; *For we muſt go hence, and be ſeen no more.*

34. Some ride Poſt, ſome Hackney-pace, at *ſerius citius*, ſooner, later, all arrive at the Common Inn, the grave, *and die.*

35. Some have the Palsie, some the Apoplexie, some a Feaver, some an Ague, some a Consumption, some none of them: yet the sick, the sound, they all meet in the end, at the same Rendezvouz, at the House of Death, *and they die.*

36. The Scholar thinks to delude Death with his Fallacies, the Lawyer puts in his Demur, the Prince, his plea, is State-affairs: *at æquo pulsat pede*, Death knocks at all doors alike; and when he comes, *they all go hence, from their houses to their graves.*

37. None leads more a Christian life, then he, who all his life thinks of death. *O all my dayes I will wait till my change come.*

38. *Joseph* the Jew, in his best health made his Stone-Coffin be cut out in his Garden, to put him in minde of his *Ego abeo, I go hence.*

39. The Persians they buried their dead in their houses, to put the whole household in minde of the same lot.

Seme-

Semel mori, *once to die.*

40. *Simonides*, when commanded to give the moſt wholeſome rule to live well, willed the Lacedemonian Prince ever to beat in minde, *Se tempore brevi morituru̇m: ere long and he muſt die.*

41. A ſort of imprudent people put a *fortaſſe* upon all things in the world; they might have excepted death, it comes not *fortè*, *ſed fortiter*; *Not by chance*, *but by force*; and none can reſcue from the Jawes of death.

42. God hath hid from me the day of my death, that every day I may make ready *to die.*

43. There is nought more ſure then to die: ſo then live, as if to day *to die.*

44. As all the Rivers come from the Sea, and run in again into the Sea, ſo we all come from the Earth, and to the earth we muſt return again.

45. The Mower cuts all down, as much will death do for all us, *leave none ſtanding.*

46. The

46. The Adder layeth one ear to the ground, the other, the Adder covereth with her Tail, and all, that Charm the Charmer never so wisely, she may not hear: As deaf is death, it stops its ear, and will not hear; *Hæc magnos parvosq; terit*, The storm of Death roots up Shrubs and Cedars.

47. They say, a Wolf if he seeth a Man first, secludes the man from the use of his tongue; how true is that, I know not; this is true, I am sure of it, Death leaves us speechless, lifeless; Whilst therefore thou hast life, prepare for death.

48. I have heard of *Abraham* at Confession, confessing himself to be dust and ashes; and *David*, how his dayes are but an hand-breadth: The shortness of this, the brittleness of that, tells me in my ear, *I have no long time to stay here.*

49 *Solon*, to pull down mans proud heart, made this Inscription on the first of the gates of *Delphos*, *Nosce te-ipsum*,

ipſum, quaſi tunc cogitabis; Know thy ſelf, and then thou wilt quickly know thou muſt die.

50. I have read of a ſort of people that uſed dead mens bones for money, and the more they have, they are counted the more rich: *Herein conſiſts my richeſt treaſure, to bear that about me will make me all my life remember my end.*

51. Great Sultan *Saladan*, Lord of many Nations and Languages, commanded upon his death-bed, that one ſhould carry upon a Spears point through all his Camp, the Flag of Death, and to proclaim, for all his wealth, *Saladan* hath nought left, but this winding ſheet, *An enſured Enſign of Deaths tryumphing over all the Sons of Adam.*

52. I uncloath my ſelf every night, I put off all, but what may put me in minde of my winding ſheet, and thus day after day uttereth ſpeech, & night after night ſheweth knowledge, how

Ego exeo, I go hence. 55. *Ana-*

53. *Anaxagoras* having word brought him, his onely ſon was dead; his anſwer was, *Scio me genuiſſe mortalem*, I know he was born to die.

54. The Epicure in his life takes his fill of pleaſures, yet fears one day death will deprive him of all his pleaſure; let us unlearn his firſt leſſon, let us take out his latter leſſon, and remember that death one day will deprive us of all our earthly joyes.

55. The Meditations of Death are the Politicks of Saints, and therefore ſaith the Wiſeman, *Remember thy end and thou ſhalt never do amiſs.*

56. *Philip* of *Macedon* gave a Boy a penſion every morning to ſay to him, *Philippe memento te hominem eſſe, Philip remember thou art a man, and therefore muſt die.*

57. Since man is ſubject to die ſo ſoon as he begins to live, it ſhall make me now that I know I live, to bear in minde, *I muſt die.*

58. The body at beſt is but a living Coffin

Coffin to the Soul, when the Soul departs from the Body, the Grave ſhall be the dead Coffin to that late living Body.

59. We read of *Philoſtrates*, how he lived ſeven years in his Tomb, that he might be acquainted with it, againſt the time he came to be put into it: *Oh, an Apprenticeſhip of years is time little enough to make us perfect in the myſtery of Mortality.*

60. *Cauſinus* in his Hieroglyphicks makes mention of an Indian Fountain out of which gold is drawn in earthen pitchers, yet none can get the gold but he that breaksthe earthen pitcher. *Eſt vita fictile*; the life of man is the earthen pitcher. The gold contained, the earneſt of all heavenly happineſs, which none can in full attain, till this corruptible put on incorruptibility, and this mortall immortality: after the night of Death comes the Day of Joy: Let me welcome that cloudy Evening promiſes ſo fair a ſun-ſhine;

let us make fit to die, that we may be counted worthy to live: He that liveth well, cannot die ill: He that dieth well, his death is a pass from a miserable life on earth, to live a life of glory in the kingdom of heaven. Which God for his mercies send all of us.

Divine Meditations arising from the Contemplation of these sad and serious Sentences.

I will.

IS it not high time to make fit to die, considering the Passing Bell doth Toll: Well, I will go take my dough upon my shoulders, and march from this carnal *Egypt*, to that spiritual *Canaan*. Let the foolish Virgins slip their time to lay in Oyl; yet, lest the gates of heaven be barr'd up, I will up, and on, and buy without mony, or monyworth. My want is great, my time is almost run: If I make not market to day, I am not sure to do it to morrow. O the uncertainty of life shall be the

Alarum-

Alarum-Bell to give me NOW notice, to work out my ſalvation with fear and trembling.

2. *Med.* I am now ſole *Ceſar*, I have, and what not? at my diſpoſall, *Jobs* Goods, *Naboths* Vineyard, *John Baptiſts* Head in a charger: I am of potent power, who dare controll me. O conſider, ere long, it's not long, and whereas mighty Territories could not ſtint thy ambition, Death will come and make a ſeiſure of thy SELF and bereave thee of all thou haſt, *all but an evil CONSCIENCE.* Think upon it, Death hath hitherto hewed all down, and art thou able to withſtand Him. Go and give him a peaceable meeting, who, with all thy force, there is no reſiſting. The Firmament will endure but one Sun, but the *Thoughts* of God and the Grave may take up their lodging in the ſame Inn. O, I am never ſo nigh my God, as when I think of my end. FRIEND, let Death be in thy thoughts, and God will be in thy heart.

3. *Med.*

3. *Med.* Conſider well what's ſaid *Cor ſapientum eſt in domo luctus*; *The heart of the wiſe is in the houſe of mourning*. Death brought tears to the houſe, and tears aſſure us that Wiſdom is got within doors. There is no fear of God, where no wiſdom; no wiſdom, where no ſerious thought of our end. I will think of my end, that I may be numbred among the wiſe; wiſe to God-ward, while I have an awful fear of his death-blow. Come, let me embrace that thought of DEATH, which fits me for the day of life, even a life everlaſting.

4. *Med.* Meditate what new men we ought to be, who are here to day, gone to morrow, whom, it's not long and death will arreſt, and then we muſt anſwer for all done in the fleſh, what a ſudden triall will it be, if we get not pardon before the cauſe be call'd on? What a fearfull reckoning, if before the day of Death, the Lord of life ſtrike not off all our reckoning.

Lord

Lord I am deep in debt to thee, I owe thee more, then my goods, lands, and life can redeem: my debt ſurmounts; my time to diſcharge, its nigh at hand. O let the certain and ſwift ſummons by death, cauſe me forthwith to think upon a way to compound with my grand Creditor: I diſclaim MERIT, I hold faſt by MERCY. For thy ancient mercies ſake, for our bleſſed MESSIA'S ſake, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgement, accept the Blood of thy Son, and ſave my Soul.

5. *Med.* Meditate, ſince man muſt die, Lord, what danger in dying unprepared; this is *Maxima miſeria, A miſery of miſeries*; and St. *Auguſtine* gives the reaſon, *Quoniam qualis in illo die moritur, talis in illo die judicabitur: For that look how a man goeth to that priſon the Grave, ſo he goeth to the Judgement-hall to be tryed:* And now conſider of it well, if thou be not able to give a Goſpel-anſwer to the Judge

of

of Heaven and Earth; comest to an
swer, but knowest not what to say
had it not been better thou had neve
been born, then to be born to die
and to be damned, not considerin
thy own end?

A wise man hath his answer before
hand prepared to pacifie wrath to come
whereas the fool forgets what's to come
and dieth in his folly.

6. *Med.* Let me all my life bear i
minde, how I have to do with an ene
my that hath no mercy, he bears al
down before him, *Peasants and Prin*
ces. O the thought of this, quit
astonishes; let me make ready to die
since I am sure to lay down my life
let me lay up for a *Life to* come; sinc
Death will come, and deprive me o
this Life. Before death throw me in
to the bowels of the earth, let m
lift up my heart to the God of Hea
ven. O God, who can praise thee i
the PIT? While I have life then, I
will praise the Lord of Life; and ye
while

while at the beſt of Works, and beſt in Health. Here is the grim viſage of pale coloured Death looks me in the face. O thou common Butcherer of humane Nature! after thy great ſtroak be ſtruck, I am not dead but aſleep. Bleſſed be thou my God, who haſt made my grave my bed, in which, after I have taken ſome ſilent reſt, the noiſe of the Archangel with his Trumpet, ſhall awake and raiſe me, from a Death for ſin, to a life of glory. Death is the way we muſt all walk to Life: and as it is not the leaſt in my thoughts that Death will quarter here, ſo it is the uppermoſt in my Note-book, and ſtands upon record, *That after death I ſhall live with God, and that to all eternity.*

7. *Med.* When I read of the Revolution of Crowns and Kingdoms, of Times and Seaſons, and how that which was, is now no more; O Lord, how ſeriouſly am I put in minde of my

my end. We know the Sea hath its Spring-tide and its Ebb; the Year, its Summer and its Winter; the Day, as a Morning, ſo an Evening: and as theſe, ſo *this Clay-Farm of mine* is never at a certain; but growing up and tumbling down, I flouriſh till my Noon of life, but after follows the Eventide of my end. I increaſe as the waters in *Ezekiel*, but when at height, with the Sea of *Egypt*, the ſtreams of life draw back; with the Year I have had my ſpring of youth, the next is the winter ſeaſon of my deſolution; as ſure as now I live, it is as ſure that I muſt die; and the eyes which ſaw me before, ſhall ſee me no more. The Iſraelites dwelt in Tabernacles here pitched, by and by removed and gone; even ſuch is *Man*, our bodies are flitting tabernacles, they ſtay not ever in one place; but now at board, after in bed, awhile, *O it is not long!* and our bed muſt be our grave. How many Changes in a life?

we have ſeen, and ſorrowing, Plenty turned into Poverty, Preferment into Impriſonment, Health into Sickneſs. Theſe Changes ring a peal of Mortality in my ears and that we, who now live, muſt die. To live to die, that is the wages of ſin, *Rom. 6.* To live after death, this is the free gift of God. The gift of God is eternal life, and a gracious life is the fore-runner of an happy death. *Death*, this is the ſound affrights an Humane heart, but ſince I cannot avoid its ſtroak, I will make fit againſt it come: come it will, and die I ſhall. *O Lord, when Death comes to ſeize upon my Corps, ſend thy bleſſed Angels to guard my Soul into thy celeſtial Paradiſe.*

An occasional Meditation upon the Authors having intelligence at London, April 20. 1657. *that* 56. *of his Parishioners died in ten Moneths space out of a very small Parish.*

SAd news for a faithful Shepherd to hear tell, so many of his Flock are devoured in so short a time with the wide yawning jawes of Death: But this is the greatest grief, that he who should have had the cure of their Souls for many years, hath not been permitted to point them out the way to life. I grieve not so much for the loss of the Living, as that I had not liberty to instruct them, *whilst Living*. Eighteen years in peace I preached to them, and prayed among them; but O! when the Garden hath wanted dressing fourteen years, impossible but it must be over-run with pestilent Weeds. In the midst of my sad afflictions, it hath been my joy that I have been counted worthy to suffer

Hun-

Hunger, and Cold, Confiſcation of Eſtate, and Impriſonment, for my Mothers Cauſe, the Church of *England*. But how much more had been my joy, if after I had been outed, my own Church had been well provided of a powerful Preacher. *An ignorant Pylot runs his ſhip upon ſhelves*; and an Hireling lets the Ewes ſtray among Rot-graſs; and an unlearned Miniſter miſleads the people among Sciſmes and Hereſies.

He that is ignorant himſelf can never make a knowing Congregation.

And this is it which works my ſorrow, and occaſions my care, *The fear I have, my people ſhould periſh for want of knowledge.*

O Lord, lay not their blood unto my charge! Its thou, and thou alone knoweſt, how with the bowels of Compaſſion I earn after the welfare of all their ſouls.

Lord, pray for them I will, but preach to them, this thou knowſt I am

not permitted: What a sad Divorcement is this, when Priest and People are parted?

Was the sin theirs? I cannot accuse them: was the sin mine? I will not excuse my self.

The punishment hath overtaken both, *Me*, and *Them*; *Me*, in being deprived of my just Rights; *Them*, in having so incongruous a change: a Weaver in the room of their Preacher.

Thus whilst I and my Parish both suffer, let us both lay it to heart, and labour to finde out the sins have occasioned Gods heavy vengeance. I will labour to finde out the sin that dwells within me; do you endeavour to finde out the sins that reigns among you.

I could not finde out my sin, till I felt Gods hand; now the destroying Angel hath entred your Houses, its high time for you to search your hearts. There is an *Achan* in the Tent, else this Mortality had not been

been in the Town. When a People walk out of the Church way, the Angel of God with a drawn ſword ſtands in the way: happy then is he, whom the braying of a poor Aſs can teach how to divert the judgement. But the Ax hath been laid to the root of your Tree, much of it hath been hewn down, *though, I hope, not caſt into the fire.* Yet when ſo many fall on every ſide, it is an evident ſign, you cannot ſtand long. Many of your dear relations are lately dead, this may preach to you, *who are now living*, a Sermon of Mortality. Let him therefore that ſtands fear leſt he fall; and whilſt you have time to live, God give you all grace to repent.

You have had your Pentecoſt of Sufferers, examine if it were not for irreverently obſerving the Paſche Feaſt, the Celebration of the Sacrament: they that receive Chriſt, not onely unworthily but unmannerly, may expect God will viſit them, and

on a ſudden. They that can be content to have Chriſts Prayer crouded out of Chriſts Church, the Churchyard is a place good enough for them. They that judge a meer Mechanick a fit perſon to diſpence the myſteries of Salvation, are unworthy to live, either to hear Oxthodox Divines, or to ſee *Sion* in proſperity. I know none of you notoriouſly guilty, yet for ſome ſuch Contempts, ſaith St. *Paul*, 1 *Cor.* 11. many are weak and ſick, and fallen aſleep.

But Lord, ſince I am not tollerated to preach to my People, give me leave to pray to *thee* for *them*, That thou wouldſt give them grace to approach thy Table with pure hearts and due reverence, to uſe thy Prayer, ſince thy command; neither ſtigmatize them with that fearfull Brand, *Theſe are like the People who ſtrive with their Prieſt.*

Theſe are ſins able to ſend thouſands to their graves, contempt of the

the Prieſthood, our Lords Prayer, and bleſſed Sacraments.

But now, ſince lately ſo many are dead out of one Pariſh in ſo ſhort a ſpace, *Lord, let it teach us to number our dayes, that we may apply our hearts unto wiſdom.*

A Meditation upon thoſe words in the Letany, From ſudden Death, good Lord deliver us.

HAd we Leaſes of our lives, this *Clauſe* in our Churches Prayers might have been ſpared; but ſince here to day, not ſure to live till to morrow, what Chriſtian dare avow *it Excommunication.* Nought more ſure than to die, nought more uncertain than when to die: He that made me as he pleaſed, may call me hence when he pleaſes: He that formed me in the hidden cell of my mothers womb, hath power to reduce me into my *mother Earth.* When the Sen-

tence is paſt, the Execution day, we ſay, is at hand; that then ſo long reprieved for it, *the Lord be praiſed.* But ſince, and on a ſudden, we may be ſummon'd, let it be all our Prayers, *From ſudden death, good Lord deliver us.*

Have you not heard, *He will come as a thief in the night*, its to adviſe us, while ſeemingly ſecure, *to prepare.*

Are we not all guilty of high Crimes, *Læſæ majeſtatis*, when we are Traytors againſt heaven, we cannot be long Farmers of this Clay Farm upon earth.

What Nation can parallel our ſins? To ſin ſo much, is inexcuſable, to fear ſo little, is impardonable. Either this *Age* is the worſt, or elſe *this Prayer* would be eſteemed the beſt: but when notorious Crimes have ſeared the Conſcience, the hardned heart puts the evil day far from it.

The Childe of God ever remembers his laſt end, it is the Goſpel-

fool

fool forgets, how this night his *Soul* may be required of him. Had we our reward according to our works, our light would quickly be turned into darkneſs: now *our Actions* ſound an *Alarum* unto death, is it not high time to cry, *Good Lord deliver us.*

This Prayer of our mother Church is the Expoſitor *of our Lords Prayer*, for while *Chriſt bids*, pray to God to deliver us from Evil, this tells us in our ears, which is the greateſt *Evil* can betide us, *viz. A ſudden death*; from which, *Good Lord deliver us.*

This *Prayer* was forbid when we had the moſt need of it; never ſo many dying on a ſudden, as ſince *This*, among many other godly Prayers, were ſhut out of the Church doors: thouſands in the Streets, and ten thouſands in pitched Battels, receiving the Sentence of Death, WHEN PURPOSING TO DO EXECUTION.

A Prayer, I am confident, which

if devoutly and unanimouſly we had put up to the *God of Heaven*, ſo many had not fallen ſo ſuddenly to the ground.

But no ſooner was this part of our *Common Prayer* deſerted, but preſently private Debates were fomented.

Was not this once part of that holy Letany, joyntly put up to God in every Church: ſince ſleighted, we have hung together like *Samſons* Foxes, and the fire-brands burnt up many of our Habitations.

If you will not own all our COMMON PRAYER, *neither know I cauſe but you ought*; yet, let every Church in City and Countrey *cordially* ſay this Common Prayer, *From ſudden death, good Lord deliver us.*

O *London!* thou haſt as much cauſe, as the moſt, to move thy Miniſters to put up this Prayer.

Since this laſt time I came to lodge in thy Suburbs, I have known men and women, even now well, *and in a moment*

moment dead. The Lord prepare us for our ends.

Nay, how many ſudden accidents by Fire; the laſt by Gun-powder, divers hath it ſent in their health, wealth, ſtrength, to their long *Home*, when not once dreaming of a ſudden Death.

I know not thy great ſin, O royall City, but moe of thy children which came out of thy womb have been ſummoned by ſudden Death, than in a thouſand other places; ſome by the Sword, and no few; ſome by fearful Fires in the Center of thy own bowels; and lately by a moſt horrid fearfull, direfull blowing up by Gun-powder, *all meſſengers of ſudden death:* from which, let it once more be all our Prayers, *Good Lord deliver us.*

Let us bear in minde how many wayes God can take vengeance on us; and that were it not for that his mercy endures for ever, ere this, *Great Britain* had been as *Sodom*,

and made like unto *Gomorra.*

Pray we to the Lord our Lamps may be filled with oyl, before the Bridegroom call; and that he would be pleaſed to ſpare us a little ſpace, to caſt up our Accounts, before we go hence and be ſeen *NO MORE.*

To conclude, *Let the ſudden Summons of others, cauſe us to caſt off what incumbers, and this day to haſten on to the heavenly* Zoar, *leſt being found to look back to carnal* Sodom, *we be made exemplary by a ſudden judgement, as was* Lots *wife.*

A Meditation ariſing from the Death of Abel, Geneſ. 4.

Adam was the firſt of Men, *Cain* the firſt Murtherer, and *Abel* the firſt Martyr, *Verſe* 8. A bleſſed Saint, yet laid violent hands on, by a bloody Brother. The firſt that truly ſacrifices, and the firſt is made a ſacrifice. O *Abel*, thou was born to live, yet

yet how ſoon is thy life changed to death. *Lo, what a ſudden death betides a godly life; Religion is in the bud, and it is died in* Abels *blood. Ver.* 3. The two Brothers offer, the hand of *Cain* was full of the Fruit of the Ground, but the heart and hand of *Abel* preſent a Preſent unto God. *It is the chearful giver the Lord accepts*, this is *Abel*, and this *Cain* envies. The Brothers have room enough, a World to turn them in, and inherit; and yet nought can end the Debate but Blood. But what is the ground of the Quarrel, the Lord had no regard to *Cain* and his offering, *ver.* 5. The Lord had reſpect to *Abel* and his offering, *Ver.* 4. and for this cauſe it is that *Cain* kills his brother *Abel.*

Extracts. *When God is juſtly diſpleſſed with us, we are unjuſtly diſpleaſed with our neareſt relations.*

O innocency, thou art no ſafe ſanctuary to preſerve from death; death knocks at the door of Saints as Sinners.

While

While then at the beſt of Works, make fit to die.

But who is the Executioner, a Brother? it is not a forrein foe, but one who is bone of my bone: my Brother, he is the butcherer and my murtherer; not for that I bear ill will to him, but becauſe my God bears good will to me and my ſacrifice, *Ver.* 4.

This is the ſoul toll awakes and warns me to make fit to die, for that I have made fit to live unto the Lord.

Extracts. *He that leads a gracious life, hath reaſon to fear loſing his life natural.*

The world is at odds with us, ſo ſoon as we are friends with the Lord.

I cannot expect any long time to inherit Earth, if once it be known I am for Heaven.

In a word, it is the ſons of men imagine miſchief againſt the ſons of God. And live at peace with the Lord, and look to have a fright unto dea h with the world.

Ame-

A meditation, which the more religious I am, makes me more minde my end; especially, considering *the worlds Earth-worms* are ever gnawing at the Heart-strings of the best of Christians.

A Meditation upon the Death of Corah *the Conspirator*, Num. 16. 31, 32.

HEre is a most horrid sin, and here is a most direfull doom, *Corah* and his company, *Ver.* 11. rebel against the Lord of Hosts; and the Lord of Hosts in the height of the Rebellion, confounds him and his partakers. *Corah* had corrupted two hundred and fifty Princes of the Assembly, *Ver.* 2. famous in the Congregation, Men of renown.

Extracts. *O! Treason is like leaven, it disperses, and in a moment, through all the lump.*

And thus the people are moulded to *Corah's* minde, apt like tinder to take

take fire, or as wax, with ease, any impression. He is in the Head of his Conspirators, and now that he hath drawn his Sword in a Rebellion, he is obliged by an hellish Principle, to cast away his Scabbard. Yea, *Corah* gathers all the Congregation against *Moses* and *Aaron*, *Ver.* 19.

Extr. *A fomentor of Sedition never barks till he can bite; and what Timidity, he being single, commands him to smother in silence, Audacity, when countenanced by a multitude, imboldens him to vent*

But who are they that *Corah* riseth up to pull down? *Moses* and *Aaron*, the Prince of the people, and the high Priest of the most High.

But *Corah* had need have a good Cause, otherwise he may expect an ill end: But such as is the work, such is the wage; they raise the Rebellion, and the Earth swallows them up quick, *Ver.* 32.

Extr. *Lo, a fearful Judgement commonly follows an unparalleld Sin. When*

the

the Arm of a Prince is cut ſhort, and cannot correct, the power of the Almighty can cauſe the Elements to take vengeance. The Fire conſumed the two Captains and their fifties. The Water drowned *Pharaoh* and his hoſt. And the Earth opens her jawes, and ſwallows up *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*. And thus you ſee, when violence is offered a *Moſes*, a light puniſhment muſt not quit the ſcore; nay, the two hundred and fifty ſo famous, muſt now ſuffer all by force, *Verſe* 35.

Who could have ſuſpected ſuch, and ſo ſudden a Judgement, when the Cauſe was countenanced by ſo many and ſo mighty.

Extr. *O it is not multitudes in evill can free from puniſhment, nor is the Honourable, the moſt Loyall.*

An unlawfull Inſurrection is like maſſen, a mixture of all together, which who ſo falls into, may in this *Corah* read his own end.

The

The Earth abhors to bear him, who bears not a loyall heart.

And thus this Conſpirator, who yeſterday had taken the Field, for all his many and mighty partakers, to day he is dead in the Field; yea, he dies a fearfull death.

There is neither Honour nor Power can keep a man from his grave.

When I am higheſt in my own thoughts, there is but a day betwixt me and death.

Let many Legions encamp about this my Tent, *when the Lord comes to execute juſtice, a world of Worthies cannot free from death.*

Strong parties have weak hands to oppoſe, when God calls to an account: And ſince the account of *Corah* is ſo ſtrict, it ſhall make *me* live like a Subject, not Lord it like a Sovereign.

Let us then neither blow the trumpet with the ſon of *Bichri*, 2 *Sam.* 20. nor be bribed with money, as was *Judas*, *Mat.*26.15. Let

Let us reſt content in that condition God hath placed us in, leſt aſpiring too high we fall too low.

As all men muſt die, who live, ſo a Conſpirator haſtens his own death; and whilſt he diſturbs the preſent Government, playes a game at Hazard for his own Head.

A Meditation upon the death of the Philiſtines by the hand of Samſon, *dying with them,* Judg. 16. 30.

THis *Samſon* judged Iſrael twenty years, *Ver.* 31. A Nazarite unto God from his mothers womb: The Bliſs of the Iſraelite: The Curſe of the uncircumciſed. Oft he had defeated the Philiſtines, burnt their corn, and ſlain their men.

Exit. You ſee, God can accompliſh his purpoſe by Unities, as well as Univerſalities; and by a few hands bring mighty things to paſs.

When his people are in bondage,

it

it is all one with him to vindicate them by one man, as well as many millions.

And yet this Champion of Israel is circumvented by his *Delilah*; thrice he deceives her, and conceals where his strength lies, *Ver.* 1, 5. At last he is deceived by her, to his undoing, and her enriching, *Ver.* 18.

From flattering tongues and deceitful lips, good Lord deliver us.

Lo, those we take the most joy in, may be our greatest ruine.

Love is not always answered with like love, and it is now experimented; none more unconstant than a wanton woman; give her the Money, and she will betray the Man; and raise her own Fortune by the downfall of her Favorite.

A Woman was the downfall of the first of men, *Adam*: and a Woman is the destruction of the strongest of men, *Samson*.

To humble the Sex, let them remember

member *this*, That we may not deſpiſe the Sex, let us call to minde, our Reſtauration came by a Woman.

Let us poize our cenſure in an equal balance, and honour the Sex for *bleſſed Mary*'s ſake; yet not ever confide in them, ſince a *Dalila* is interwoven with them.

But lo that worthy of Iſrael upon whom was the eye of all Iſrael, *Ver.* 21. now not left with one eye to ſee with; his locks are ſhaven, the Philiſtines take him, they put out both his eyes, and binde him in fetters.

Extr. When the Head of a People ſets his affections more upon the Creature, than the Creator, it is juſt with God to let him fall into the hands of the vileſt of people.

But *Samſon* prayes and God hears, and gives his ſervant ſtrength to be avenged, by pulling the Philiſtines Houſe about the Philiſtines ears, *Verſe* 30.

Extr. After Gods childe bemoans his

his miſdemeanor, the triumphs of the wicked over him laſt not long.

The wicked may joy in the *Bane* of a *Samſon*, yet when he hath been uſed as ill as *Andronicus*, *Drexel. page* 142. his own bones God can cauſe to be the death of all his enemies.

Let them be never ſo many, ſo mighty, who pull down him whom the Lord hath ſet up, in theſe Lords of the Philiſtines, they may read their own ruines.

When a godly Governor is put in fetters, it is not long, and his implacable enemies are intangled in the Toyl.

Though proſperity for a time wait on the wicked, yet adverſity at noonday will knock at their door.

Such as ſit pranking upon the higheſt pearch of Honour, God by unexpected means can work their diſmal ends.

As there is no Spring without an Autumn, ſo no Felicity without Miſery.

The

The Grandees of the world, who have had many victories over their enemies, nothing is more uncertain, than how long they ſhall enjoy them.

He who yeſterday triumphed over the Head of Iſrael, to morrow with theſe Lords of the Philiſtines, may have his honour laid in the duſt.

He that ſits in the higheſt chair of State, God can, and on a ſudden, wrap him in a coffin of rubbiſh.

O the thoughts of theſe variable Changes chancing to this Samſon *and theſe Lords of the Philiſtines, may cauſe us, while we lord it to day, to believe, ere night, we may be ſummoned to ſuffer, and die when we leaſt dream of Death.*

A Meditation upon the death of old Ely *the Prieſt*, 1 Sam. 4. 18.

ELy the Prieſt hath forty years judged Iſrael, *Ver.* 18. and the Judge of Heaven and Earth paſſeth judgement upon him. He had lived long,

long, and his long life closeth with a sudden death. We will a while go backward, and cast a covering over the downfall of old *Ely*. Let us first consider his dear love to the Ark of the Covenant, that done, we will cast a glance at his misdemeanor, yet not so much to vilify him, as forewarn his successors in the Priestly Office.

Old *Ely*, for grief that the Ark of the God of Israel is taken by the Philistines, falls down and breaks his neck.

Extr. "When all that is sacred "falls into the hands of sacrilegious "Heathens, the Pastors of the Church "fall into swonds.

"O the Ministers of Christ Jesus "sympathize with the Churches mi- "series.

"If Religion get harm by the "Sword, it wounds to the Heart- "blood, such as are in holy Orders.

But that more remarkable is, *Ely* hears of his two sons being slain, weeps

weeps not for them, yet falls down *dead*, *Ver.* 18. at the downfall of the Ark.

"It is more to Gods ſervant to "loſe Religion, then all his off-"ſpring. The loſs of the food of my "ſoul, is the ſole of all ſorrow and "care.

And yet, O Lord, if thou wilt here reckon with me in judgement, let thy puniſhment overtake me, in that moment of time, when I am bemoaning the downfall of thy Ark.

It was well old *Ely* took thus on, and thus was viſited, when he ſorrowed for the Captivity of the Ark; it puts me in hope, this was the period of his puniſhment.

But his ſons did ſin grievouſly, and he reproved *ſlowly*, *Chap.* 3. 13. and this I take to be the cauſe of his ſudden ſummoning, that he falls backward and broke his neck.

Extr. "When he that ſhould in-"ſtruct others, cannot order his own,

"ſin

"ſin lies at his door, and judgement "at his threſhold.

* "When a great fault "is ſlipt over with a "light reproof, it is ſuch "a fault as may coſt me "my life, for ſaying little, when I "am bound to reprove much.

* *Illicita non prohibere, conſenſus erroris eſt.* Auguſt.

"He that is tongue-tyed in his "Miniſtery, muſt not expect that "God will hold hands off him any "long time.

"A conniving Clergy-man at "ſin, whilſt he paliates the ſore of "others, the plague burſts out upon "himſelf.

Let men of my Calling who are allowed to preach, lift up their voyce like a trumpet; and let us who are ſilenced, ſet ſomething out to give Light to ſuch as ſit in darkneſs. If we our ſelves would eſcape a ſickneſs unto death, let us preſcribe ſpirituall Phyſick to ſave our peoples lives. Think upon it, it is not Cordials but

Coraſives

Corraſives can cure; and the people of this age, ſtand more need of a *Bonarges* then a *Barnabas*. If with old *Ely* ye will reprove faintly, beware of old *Ely* his end. Smother not then the Truth in its ſwadling Belt. Let me heare no more of complying with Sciſme againſt Diſcipline, with old Hereſies againſt the Doctrine of the Lord Jeſus; and all, that with old *Ely* his ſons, you may feed of the *fat of the ſacrafice.*

Ely his ſons, for their own ſin were ſlain, *Ely* for not reproving them for their ſin; and we have no writ of Superſedeas.

Judgement is begun at Gods own houſe, at *Elies*; and if *Eli*, and in a moment be cited to his grave, we know not what one day may bring forth.

A wiſe man will make fit to go, when he knoweth not how ſoon he may be call'd on; and ſince death oft comes upon a very ſudden, let us ſo diſcharge our

calling in our life, that we may every day be fit for a sudden death.

A Meditation upon the Death of the Man of God, sent to denounce judgement against the Altar at Bethel, 1 King. 13. 24.

WHen I looked for this Prophets Name, I found it unregestred; it is either because God thinks him unworthy a Name, who dishonors him; or rather for his *calling* sake, that he would not brand him upon record; yet here is an addition puts us in hopes of his * forgiveness, for he is called the *Man of God*. His publike Office, his private Message, interests him in Gods service.

* *Si quid peccati justi contraxerunt per humanam fragilitatem, relaxatur per mortis acerbitatem.* Ansel.

By Office he is a Prophet, his Message is to the Court for where the King is, there is the Court. An-

And now King *Jeroboam* is at *Bethel*, and there ſtands by the Altar, to burn Incenſe, *verſ.* 1.

This *Jeroboam* was an Uſurper, who alſo took upon him the Prieſts office; *as if Religion ſhould colour over, what his uſurpation was aſhamed of.* Againſt this Idol Altar at *Bethel*, the Man of God propheſies.

Extr. "We do but our duty "when we cry down Idolatry.

"Though the Prince be in pre-"ſence, the Prophets of the moſt "Higheſt muſt not keep ſilence.

"Let a *Jeroboam* bid apprehend, "the will of God muſt not be con-"ceal'd.

This is it hath encouraged the Prophet to do his duty; and for it he is threatned by Authority. For *Ieroboam* puts out his hand, and bids *lay hold of him*, verſ. 4.

Extr. "It hath been of ancient "the hard hap of the Prophets of "God, to be diſcountenanced, and

"by no mean ones.

"When the Seers of Israel have 'Gods word in their mouthes, they "are in danger to have their heads "in their hands.

"Let the ten Tribes make a de-"fection, and there is no safe abide-"ance for Gods Prophets.

And yet behold and admire it, That the Prince who persecutes the man of God, is punished by the God of Israel; for no sooner hath the King put out his hand to apprehend, but his hand is withered; yet by the prayer of the Prophet again restored, *vers.* 4, and 6.

Extr. *You see, they have just cause to fear a plague, who persecute Gods Prophets.*

Yet for all their persecution, it is their peculiar property, not to plot against, but pray for a disturber of the peace of the Church.

All may now be convinced, how the prayers of men in holy Orders are very prevalent. Lastly,

Lastly, when an imminent judgement hangs over a Jeroboam, *then that enemy of Gods Church shall get more good by the Prayers of one true Prophet, then by all the vain babling balderdash of Baals Priests.*

And now the King hath found help, the King profers kindness, Ver. 7. But the Man of God refuses, not for want of good manners, but because forbid by the Lord, neither to eat, nor drink, nor return by the way he came, Ver. 9.

Our Prophet therefore is on his journey, and keeps the road our God commanded, but one followeth after him and saith, I am a Prophet also, as thou art, and an Angel spake unto me by the word of the Lord, saying, Bring him back again.

But he lyed, Ver. 18.

1. *See a wicked Church-man makes no conscience of a lye.*

2. *Lo, there are divers Wolves walk in Lambs cloathing.*

2. *There is much vented for the truth of God, which is the undoing of many a Chriſtian; And as it was then, ſo it is now.*

4. *We have many of thoſe who pretend themſelves Prophets, able, without much of the ſupport of divine Goodneſs, to deceive the very Elect.*

It is too apparent by the credulity of this Prophet, who, after the old prophet had told him this lye, the Text ſayes,

So he went, Ver. 19.

"O how ſoon is innocency deceived, ſo ſoon as the name of the "Lord is mentioned.

"Moſt hainous outrages have been "brought to a full birth, by pretending for their Midwife, *the will of* "*God.*

For, alas, by this ſtratagem, this innocent ſoul is brought back, and eats, and goes away; but he had better wanted this Meal, than have eat his laſt ſupper.

For

For a Lion met him by the way and ſlew him, Ver. 24.

You ſee what ever was the Chear, the Sawce is very ſowre; for his pleaſant Paſſover hath for its ſecond courſe, *bitter Herbs.*

While he who was invited to be a Kings gueſt to day, by the crafty Deluſion of an ungodly Churchman, ere night, is made a prey for the Lions paw.

Here is ſomething more worth our minding, and very ſignificant to the letter of this Scripture, and congruous to reprove theſe times: It is this.

"How pretended Revelations have "deceived men in the higeſt calling.

"How he who by his place is to "preach to others, if he miſcarry in "his calling, death will make a prey "of him.

"That there is but a ſhort interval "betwixt our ſin, and our ſuffering "for our ſin.

"That when we are eaſily perſwa-

"ded to neglect doing what God "wills, the very bruit beaſts are at "enmity with our lives.

To conclude; a ſerious thought of the ſudden death of this man of God, may, if there be left the leaſt ſpark of grace, ſtrike a dreadful fear of a revenging God into the hearts of all Apoſtate Prophets, and aſſure them, if this man of God loſt his life natural for his too much Credulity, they are in danger to loſe a life eternal for their groſs Hypocriſie: However, by this example they are aſſured, they have no leaſe of this life; for may be ſent from a full Table at dinner, to Quarter with the devouring Lion before ſupper.

A Me-

A meditation upon the death of Ahaziah *and his two Captains and their Fifties*, 2 King. Chap. 1. Read the Chapter.

HEre is a ſad occurrent, and without doubt ſet down for our inſtruction. A wicked King, of the line of the Uſurpers, leaves the God of *Iſrael*, and ſends to enquire of the god of *Echron*. He hath had an high riſe, yet hath got a ſhrewd fall; *for he fell through a lattiſs in his upper chamber, which was in Samaria*. That was the *Metropolis of the ſchiſme*; and in that very place he receives the ſad ſentence. His Meſſengers are gone to Baalzebub to enquire, whether or no, he ſhall recover. As the Angel of the Lord ſtood in *Balaams* way, ſo the Prophet of the moſt Higheſt, ſtood by the way, which theſe Meſſengers were to paſs. His upbraiding Quere, *verſ.* 3. teaches

them good Divinity; that is, to ask counſel of the God of *Iſrael*, and not to go down to the god of *Echron*. Yet theſe we know were but ſervants, it is their Maſter is moſt in default; therefore they return without harm, but their Maſter receives a direful doom; it is this, *Thou ſhalt not, ſaith the Lord, come down from that bed, on which thou art gone up, but ſhalt ſurely die.* This was told the King; could then the Court, or the Camp be ignorant of it? But no ſooner receives the King this meſſage, but the King ſends, not a Courtier, but a Captain of fifty, no queſtion to apprehend the Prophet. And that I mark, that to do this deed, the Captain ſtood no need to be twice bid. Well, in the name of the king, the Captain commands this Man of God to come down, and go with him to the Court: He had thriven the better, if he had gone *in the Name of God, and the King.* But

when

when Princes commands are againſt Gods commandments. Then may the chief Magiſtrate expect to be called away quickly; neither can his ſouldiers any way ſhun a fearful deſolation; for thus we read, *verſ.* 17. So it hapned the King dyed; but firſt of all, his firſt Captain of fifty, and all his men, were burnt with fire, which came down from heaven, *verſ.* 10.

You ſee God gives Soveraigns warning by the downfal of their ſubjects, as if he would have them prevent their own ruine, by bearing in minde their ſouldiers ſudden ſlaughtering.

But this *Ahaziah* and his Predeceſſors, kept the Crown from the line of *David*: A fact, which God ſignally permitted, not for the juſtice of the Title, but the puniſhment of his rebellious people. But whilſt God thus puniſhes *Iſrael*, *Ahaziah* is not excuſable, he ſtill upholds the

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ſchiſme in the Imperial Crown; marvel not therefore, if he ſend the ſecond time to atatch, and then impriſon the Prophet of the moſt Higheſt.

He is now reſolved upon the caſe, and ſends a ſecond Captain with fifty more, to bring the Prophet to his Palace.

The Prophets meſſage was mighty unpleaſant to all the Court, hereupon you may imagin, what would have been his entertainment: but God who knows the hearts of Princes, can tye up the hands of ſouldiers, yea, deſtroy them in their Buff-coats, when voluntarily they offer to be inſtruments to inſnare his Prophets. Loe, a woful example, and God grant it may give all Souldiers warning; for this ſecond Captain and his Company, who meant to have taken the Prophet *Elijah* priſoner, the Text ſayes, The fire of God came down from heaven, and

and consumed the Captain and his fifty, *verse* 12.

Thus a fearful death hath befallen the Officers and their men at Arms, as also their greater Master, who set these his men to work; for saith the Text, he came no more off his bed, but dyed.

Behold, and rest assured, if not fully at first, yet have patience, and God will take away root and branch of all his Churches enemies. Yea, *Elijah* shall live and flourish, when *Ahaziah*, with his Captains and their followers, shall be far to seek, or low laid.

But since the Head of Israel is *now well, now dead, and buried*; since his Captains were even now glorying in their well kept Ranks and Files, but presently burnt all to death by fire, rained down upon them from Heaven.

O let this unparallel'd, untimely death by fire, cause us forthwith to go,

go draw up water, even the tears of true repentance for our sins. So fill the water-pots forthwith, since you may be in the fiery flames, *in ictu oculi*, in the twinckling of an eye.

Again, let it warn you never to engage in any cause against God and his Church, least at the woful complaint of his Church-men, fire come down from Heaven and consume all such, who shall strengthen their hands to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord.

Lastly, let this sudden arrest cause us, *Matth.* 5. 25. to agree with our adversary quickly, while we are in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver us to the judge, the judge, us to the officer, and we be cast into prison, that prison which burns with fire and brimstone; from which, let it be all our prayers, Good Lord deliver us.

A Meditation upon the Death of Baals Priests, 2 King. 10. 25.

THe Proclamation is gone out, *Ahab* ſerved Baal a little; but *Jehu* will ſerve him much, *v.* 18. A large expreſs where ſo foul a cauſe; What, newly raiſed to the Crown, and as newly razing the foundation of Religion? All our hopes is, *Iehu* is for the Idol Prieſts, in word, but in his heart, for the God of Iſrael. And yet it is worthy to be obſerved, how a ſingle *Call* ſhall ſummon Baals Prieſts to commit Idolatry, when the Princes Letter-patent diſcountenances the Prophets of the moſt Higheſt. The new King cryes come, and the Idol Prieſts compeir; they to pray to the Idol; he to ſlay all ſuch as pray to the Idol.

Surely theſe Prieſts had made leſs haſte, had they known what would have hapned.

But

But mark how different are this Princes pretences and intents; the way he takes to discover Religions enemies, is to make show how much he loves Idolaters: it may be a State Policy, scarce allowable by Divinity; yet let this be the worst, and then the true Prophets after they have sung *Lachrymæ*, may come to take their Tune in the Cliff *Gaudete*.

But the Edict is gone out, and all the Idolatrons Priests to one man, come and worship the Idol: well, the moe that now come, the fewer will trouble us hereafter. We may say of these, as was said of the Egyptians, *You shall see them no more*. For the Idoll-house is fill'd, and the men at Arms charged to let none escape, Ver. 25. And thus they who had procured Queen *Jezabel* to persecute Gods Prophets, dye by the command of King *Iehu*. His Proclamation made them take him for their friend, but you see what a friend in the end. *Extr.*

Extr. "A Schiſmatick, an Here-
"tick, an Idolater may for a time
"flouriſh, and like an ill weed, over-
"run the Plants of Gods own ſet-
"ting. But the Count-day will
"come, and then they are ſure to
"ſmart for it.

"The enemies of Gods Church
"may at preſent brag, what friends
"at Court, but he that ſet up *Iehu*,
"can turn the heart of *Iehu*, and me-
"tamorphize their ſo much joyed in
"Proclamation, into Ratsbain.

"The Church Catholick may be
"under a Cloud, but the Stars in
"courſe will fight for her. O let not
her Prophets and Paſtors deſpair,
there is ſometime a ſhow made where
no ſuch meaning, and thoſe boyed
up at preſent, whom Princes mean at
a convenient ſeaſon to pull down.

Laſtly, let not the Churches Enemies inſult and tyrannize; they cannot have fairer Promiſes then Baals Prieſts, cried up, and by the prevailing Power, and

yet

yet how ſoon is the winde in another Quarter, and their houſe of Sacrifice made the Houſe where they are ſacrificed, Ver. 25.

And thus you ſee, a Princes word is no ſecurity againſt God and his Church; and where the cauſe is bad, the upſhot are the iſſues of death. Proſperity is a long Summer day, but it goes to bed at night; and know it, after we have glutted our ſelves with ſin, we muſt be ſummoned to ſuffer.

O let the Churches enemies read their deſtiny in theſe mens miſery, and in the Spring of their high honour, know there will be a Winter Quarter.

Falſe Worſhippers may have the countenance of a Prince for a ſeaſon, but they ſtand in ſlippery places, and may juſtly expect as ſudden a death, as the eighteen men upon whom the Tower of *Siloe* fell, *Luke* 13. 4.

The execution of theſe Baal's Prieſts, is that loud peal which rings the Change of Death in mine ears; they were even now

in

in health, and now bereaved of life, which may make all such Priests prepare for death.

A Meditation upon the Death of Job's *seven Sons,* Job 1. 19.

HEre is a Tragical Comedy, or rather a Comaical Tragedy; The first Act is pleasant, the last is very doleful. The principal Actors are *Iob* and his seven Sons. This *Iob* as saith the Text, feared God and eschewed evil, *Ver.* 1. The best and the greatest Man of the East *for wealth*, *Ver.* 3. He had seven thousand Sheep, three thousand Camels, five hundred yoke of Oxen, five hundred Shee-asses, and a great Household; *for Devotion*, there was none like him upon earth, *Ver.* 8.

The best of Saints is shamefully slandered by the worst of sinners; saith Sathan unto the Lord, *Ver.* 11. But put forth thy hand *now*, and touch

touch all that he hath, and he will curſe thee to thy face.

Extr. *The more Zealous in Gods ſervice, the more buſie is the Devil to undoe us.*

The nigher we come to God, the cloſer doth the Devil make his approach towards us.

Again, this ſtratagem of Satan may aſſure Gods children, how the world may do us more dammage then all the Devils in hell.

O! A ſudden loſs of a fair poſſeſſion, is a ſlippery Shoehorn to draw on a dangerous temptation. And yet who ſees not, he may well be ſaid to fear God, whoſe heart, for the loſs of this worlds pelf and pleaſure, is not ſequeſtred from his God.

Job (as the ſtory goes) loſt all his goods, yea, and all his Sons, and yet in all this, ſaith the Text, He ſinned not, *Verſ.* 22.

Extr. *We cannot upon this but take notice,*

notice, how the Devil is a lyar from the beginning.

Secondly, *How Gods grace is able to support against the ſtrongeſt temptation.*

Thirdly, *That they are not ever deſerted of God, who are deprived of all earthly enjoyments: A Prince may be made as poor as a Peaſant, and yet be Gods dear ſervant.*

But that in chief we are to take cognizance of, is, the death of *Iob*'s Sons; ſeven, and all ſlain, *Verſ.* 19.

Three meſſengers brought ſad news of the loſs of all his goods; there cometh a fourth, and this laſt is the meſſenger of the greateſt loſs, the loſs of his ſeven Sons; they were eating, and drinking wine in their elder brothers houſe, and a great wind came from the wilderneſs, and ſmote the four corners of the houſe, *and they dyed.*

Iob after his Children had feaſted, uſed to ſanctifie them, *Verſ.* 5. by praying, and offering up an oblation accord-

according to the number of them, for said *Iob*, it may be my Sons have sinned.

Extr. *O! A gracious Father hath a religious care over his off-spring.*

When his Children are most merry, he is most intent to make their peace with God.

He provides, as maintenance for their bodies, so puts up prayers to God for their souls.

But these seven Sons are merry, *Vers.* 4. yet I finde not at this time their Father privie, till made privie by the messenger of their death, *Vers.* 18.

Extr. *The want of the company of the Grave and Sage, often presages an ill omen.*

The religious duties of Parents stand in the gap, and stop Gods vengeance.

If there be one of a relation devout, the rest, though extravagant, fare the better for it.

When all do jovalize, and none do sacrifice,

crifice, they may have a merry day of it, but let them fear a diſmal night.

Here is one thing more we are bound to take notice of, and in extraordinary; *viz.* That a meſſenger brought *Iob* word, *Verſ.* 19. That while his Sons were eating and drinking in their elder Brothers houſe, they were all ſlain with the fall of the houſe.

O how deceitful is this world! while it promiſes the greateſt contents, it alarums with a ſudden deſtruction: And thus with old *Iſrael*, it will profer us Quails to Dinner, Plagues to Supper; or as *BelſhaZZar*, to drink wine in the Bowls of the Temple, and whilſt adrinking, ſet in your ſight, that *Mene Mene*. He that bids welcome to the pleaſures of the world, makes much of a deceitfull friend; which, like *Ioab*, kiſſes and kills; it is enſured to the great grief of a loving Father, and the loſs of his ſeven Sons, They were

eating

eating and drinking and slain at the same time.

Extr. "We had need make ready, "we know not what hour the Ma- "ster will come.

"It is good to use the creature in "sobriety; for in the height of our "cups, we may be questioned for it.

"Our best days of health cannot "free us from death.

"Clusters of friends may make "merry, but cannot secure their com- "pany.

"Youth goes to the grave, as well "as gray hairs.

"And your high Rants are called "upon, to give an account, as well as "the Male-content.

"The Tavern may furnish me "with choice wines; let it not "make me forget my God.

While then the wine is pleasant to the taste, let *Iob*'s Sons, like Vineger, qualifie the sweet with sowre.

O! do not so much joy in the creature,

creature, that you let ſlip out of minde, that common Impoſt laid upon all Mankinde.

Let the remembrance of *Iob*'s Sons, ſlain feaſting, cauſe us to fit our ſouls for God, before we feaſt our bodies with our friends.

Let us every day make ready, ſince every moment of time we may be called on: Let us live to die, that we may die to live; and never forget, when we are in the height of earthly jollities, we can have no diſpenſation from ſudden dying.

A Meditation upon the words of the Pſalmiſt; I ſaid you are Gods, but you ſhall dye as men, *Pſal.* 82. *part of the* 6. *and* 7. *Verſes.*

WHat higher honor can be given to the Princes of the Nations, then this, *I have ſaid you are Gods*, Verſ. 6.

What a change, and in a trice

is this, *But you ſhall die as Men*, Verſ. 7.

They were even now mounted above the firmament, and now enſured, their Honor muſt be laid in the duſt: And thus heaved up as high as Heaven, and thus thrown down, as low as the Grave.

O! the higheſt Powers and Potentates want power to reſiſt the ſtroke of death.

Think upon it, you, whoſe *fiat*, in ſome ſort, hath as much influence upon the common people, as Gods *fiat* had at the grand creation, *Gen.* 1. 3.

Your *ſic volo*; ſhews you are as *Gods*, the *exit*, how you muſt die as *Men*.

Abſorp not up all your time with telling who now you can command, but ſpare, O ſpare a little time and ruminate upon it; how, when death comes, he will ſend you to your graves.

We honor you more then the moſt of men, for you are as Gods; et while we honor you, do nought nay diſhonor God, for you muſt die s Men.

The Pſalmiſt ſaith, *you are Gods,* here is the leſs fear, you will wrong he Sons of men; *but you muſt die as en:* And therefore if you do it, here is a God can puniſh you for it.

We will look upon you, *as Gods,* ook upon your ſelves, *as Men*; and e more the Lord hath honored ou, the more humble your ſelves be- re the Lord.

Chriſt, who was God, humbled mſelf, as man, unto death, even the ath of the Croſs.

You are called Gods, yet you are n; and the knowledge that you are ortal men, and *muſt dye*, might ve to humble *an Herod*, though yed up for a *God*.

Let me tell you, a righteous ince, he hath power on earth, as a

God, yet in his higheſt dignity, hath thoughts of his *Mortality*; yea, he bears in minde, though as a *God*, for command, yet as a *Man*, he muſt dye.

O the ſerious thoughts! how Princes can plead no priviledges, nor their high ſtiles, exempt them from their graves, is *a loud Alarum* to all men living, and warns us in the beſt of health, to make fit for death.

A Meditation upon the Death of the Innocents, Matth. 2. 16.

WE ſay it is a ſore death that all go to; here is *Herod* ſlaying all the Children in *Bethlehem* and the coaſts thereof, from two years and under, *Ver.* 16. That he may be ſure to murther him, who is called *King of the Iews*, he murthers all those Children of the Jews.

Extr. *Thus Soveraignty will endure no Corrival; no, no more two Kings* of

one Kingdom, then two Suns in one Firmament.

See the nature of an Usurper, he ſements his Title to the Crown with the blood of Innocents. Yet, as he dyes not without ſin, ſo he lives not without fear, *Verſ.* 3. for afraid, not onely of Men, but Children.

But theſe falſe fears, cauſe abundance of poor Innocents to bleed to death, all in *Bethlehem* and the coaſts thereof.

Who were more likely to live, then they, who newly had received life? Who can have fewer foes, then they, who never did wrong to any living? What Soveraign can have loyaller Subjects, then theſe, who never by word or deed, injured their Leige Lord; *At nulla ſecuritas*: Theſe, and all theſe muſt die; the tears of their Parents, the interceſſion of their friends, the tenderneſs of their age, the innocency of their hearts, are Orators able to move the

ſtones, yet cannot penitrate the ſtony heart of *Herod*, but all muſt die: All the Children, in and about *Bethlehem*.

Since theſe are cited to anſwer the Court of death thus early, it is high time for us to make ready.

When the Childe is carried to the grave, it aſſures the Mother, not long and ſhe is to follow after.

If the Ship that is new launched ſink right down, the old and crazy Veſſels, every ſtorm will overturn them.

It had been no wonder, if I had dyed in my ſwadling belt; this is the wonder, that ſo many young ones are gone to their long home, and that I, the aged ſtay behinde.

Let the ſerious thoughts of the timely ſummons of theſe Infants move us to harbour timely a thought of our Outgate; and now that innocent Babes are ſent poſt to their graves, let not us, who are overloaden with iniquity, put the *evil day* far from us

A Meditation upon the Death of John *the* Baptiſt, *Mat.* 14. 10.

WE have now ſet one before our eyes, whoſe life and doctrine might have pleaded exemption from a ſudden death; it is *John* the *Baptiſt*.

An *Herod* forced our *Jeſus* to fly before he could go; And an *Herod* took off the head of the *Baptiſt*, before his cauſe was heard.

You ſee it hath been the ſad chance of Gods dear Servants, to fall into the hands of bloody Tyrants.

Where there is Power without Grace, it is oft great detriment to the Church of God.

When the Scepter is departed from Judah, *the Saints of God may fear a fearful perſecution.*

But what is the cauſe that *John*, more than a Prophet, is beheaded? *John* the *Baptiſt* told *Herod*, it was not lawful for him to have his Brothers

wife, *Verſ.* 4. and for it *Herod* put him in priſon.

Extr. *This aſſures us, how Reproofs are unpleaſant to the ears of Princes.*

How fleſhly Luſts ſeldom give place to ſacred Admonitions. And that while the eye is fixed on a wanton woman, the heart is ſtollen from the God of Iſrael, Hoſ. 4. 11.

But loe, what a ſhort cut betwixt the priſon and the execution of *John* the *Baptiſt*.

The Daughter of *Herodias* dances before *Herod*, and *Herod* willeth the Damſel to ask what ſhe would, and it ſhould be granted; inſtructed by her mother, it is the *Baptiſts* head in a Charger, *Verſ.* 8.

O *Herodias*! haſt thou ſtollen the Heart of *Herod*, and wilt thou now have the Head of the *Baptiſt*?

Extr. *Feminine malice doth ſeldom terminate but in blood.*

The advice of a wicked woman, is as dangerous as the counſel of an Ahitophel.

Yet let us not forget, how ſubject are Children to take out an ungracious leſſon.

For upon the mothers advice, the *Damſel demands the head of the* Baptiſt.

Who ſees not, how a ſtain in the wooll will not eaſily out of the Cloth. Like Tree. like Fruit; for ſuch as is the minde of the Mother, ſuch is the deſire of the Daughter, *The Baptiſts head.*

But as recorded, when that was asked, the King was very ſorry, *Verſ. 9.*

Here is a bloſſom of Grace, but Lord, how ſoon is it blaſted; *Sorry, and exceeding ſorry* to kill; and yet for his Oaths ſake, *Verſ. 9.* and his Honor ſake, off goes the head of the *Baptiſt.* His ſorrow makes him bluſh, a Saint; his *Sentence* aſſures, he is a Devil; and yet how is this black Fiend coloured over with white Paint, while gives the death-ſtroke, and laments the downfall.

The ſtroke ſhewed his Power, this ſorrow detects his Horror. He muſt kill *Iohn* the *Baptiſt*, though he crucifie his own conſcience.

And doubtleſs thoſe are bloodthirſty *Herods*, and damnable MURTHERERS, who murther ſuch an Innocent, as the law of God and man abhors, yea, and their own hearts and conſciences torment, for committing the horred Crime.

Such was the horror of *Herod* for the murther of *Iohn* the *Baptiſt*, he even now ſorrowed, but now hath ſent to behead *Iohn* in priſon.

Behold, we are now come to the laſt ſcene of him, who was the firſt adminiſtred the bleſſed Sacrament, *Matth.* 3.11.

He who was ſent ro be a Cryer in the wilderneſs, *Matth.* 3. 3. hath now his head taken from his ſhoulders.

If our Saviours own Harbenger have ſuch entertainment in this world, we cannot expect any long time

time to be made welcom.

When the green Tree is cut down, ſurely the dry Stocks are not to ſtand long.

If the Righteous ſuffer ſuch bloody deaths, what ſhall become of the prophane and ungodly.

This *Baptiſt* all his life preached Repentance, *Matth.* 3. 8. and his death is a Sermon of mans *Mortality*.

Let his impriſonment teach the Paſtors of the Church, *Patience*; and his cruel Death, what the *beſt* in the upſhot may expect.

Be our Cauſe never ſo good, our Calling never ſo high, our lives are in the hands of *Herods*; and if to day in the Pulpet, to morrow we may be put in Priſon, and the next news, *The Axe*.

Let the Death of this holy Martyr, preach a preparation Sermon to all the Sons of *Adam*. Set not up *here* your reſting place, you muſt to Golgatha, and inhabit a place of dead

mens

mens Sculls; we are no better then our Fathers, far worſe then this *Baptiſt*; and if he could have no reprieve; let this ſummon us to make fit againſt the execution day.

After theſe ſerious Meditations, concerning Death, give me leave to preſcribe ſome Preparations, to ſweeten this bitter Pill of dying.

Simul & ſemel omnes miſerias finit; Death puts an end to all earthly miſeries, to all, and at once. Here I am perſecuted, hereafter out of the reach of the Perſecutor. In this life, hedged about with fears and cares, with ſorrow and ſickneſs, * in the life to come ſet free from theſe aſſailants.

Requieſcunt à laboribus mortui, Apoc. 14. 13.

* *Homo quo citius, eo melius moritur, quia ab innumeris ærumnis liberatur*, ait Phil.

Now is my Judgement erronious, my Affections perverſe, my Will untoward, my Knowledge

Knowledge ignorance: In the life to come is perfection; Judgment without Error, Affection without Paſſion, Will without wilfulneſs; and my knowledge ſhall be like the Sons of God,

Who will not now welcom him, who when he comes brings news of ſuch high fortunes; who alſo frees us from the Phyſicians untoothſome Drugs, the Lawyers delatory Delayes, the envy of Poverty, and the malice of Mankinde.

A Chriſtians life is a continued warfare; his enemie, thoſe Beaſts at *Epheſus*, their Leaders on, the World, the Fleſh, the Devil; the World about thee, the Fleſh within thee, the Devil below thee. What, and beleaguied on every Quarter, in the Front, and in the Camp, and in the Rere: But loe one marching on, it will not be long ere he come, will raiſe the Siege, ſet packing all the Pecarers, and free thee from all thoſe fierce

fierce aſſailants, the Devils temptations; *This is Death*; make way for him, and he will make away with all thoſe helliſh Chieftains, and deliver thy ſoul from the ſnare of the Fowler.

O! what I have ſaid, let it be believed, and then the night of Death, will be as welcom as the day of life; conſidering thy dying day, is the day of jubile, which ſets thy ſoul at liberty, from all ſorts of terrene calamities.

Preparative 2.

Mortem nemo poteſt effugere, None living can eſcape dying. O! there is no other Gueſt calls on us, then hath been viſiting all our Anceſtors. Remember what ſaid, *Heri mihi, hodie tibi*, Ecclus. 38.22. Death hath been at my houſe, and he will knock at thy door; *Statutum eſt*, it is enacted in Heaven, that all muſt die upon Earth. *Sampſon* the ſtrong, he is ſlain; *Solomon* the wiſe, he is fallen aſleep; *Hezekiahs* his fifteen years are run out; and they *all* are Dead:

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One generation comes, and another goes. And we, who have taken place, muſt give place, and paſs from our houſes, to our graves. The Proverb goeth, No living in *Rome*, and ſtriving with the Pope; for all his greatneſs, he muſt lay down the Cudgels; the ſtroke of death will bring him to his knees. Yea, whatſoever he be, who liveth in this world, muſt know it, There is no contending with Death; he bears all down before him. What, when none can eſcape, ſhall I put the evil day far from me? Muſt all dye, and think I to live for ever? Shall I grudge to entertain him, who hath Orders to be quartered in every Town, Hamblet, Houſe. O ſtand not out, when thou canſt not reſiſt; let thy heart harbor thoughts, how to entertain him, whom none could yet ever ſhut door upon. *And ſince a neceſsity is laid upon thee to dye, go and bid him welcom willingly, whom*

there

there is no oppoſing violently.

Preparative 3.

Hæc eſt via quæ ducit in urbem, This is the way which leads to the new *Jeruſalem*, to that City of God, whoſe pavement is of gold, and as it were tranſparent glaſs. In this City thou ſhalt have the glorious company of the Apoſtles, the goodly fellowſhip of the Prophets, the holy Army of Martyrs, and the Viſion of the heavenly Trinity. *Here*, while I ſtay, I live in hopes; let me dye the death of the righteous, and I am ſure of the ſweet ſociety of all theſe, with an innumerable Hoaſt of Angels, and Archangels, Cherubims, and Seraphims, daily praiſing and ſinging Hoſanna, Hoſanna in the Higheſt.

* *Qui ſeipſum occidit, homicida eſt*, Aug. de civit. dei.

Nemo ſponte aucam mortem ſibi inferre debet, velut fugiendo moleſtias temporales, ne incidat in perpetuas, Idem Auth.

* I Muſt not lay down my life, till he that gave it, call for it; it being againſt the law of God,

the

the law of Nature, the law of Nations; neither ought I to fear death, ſince no way to acquire Heaven, but by dying. There is no Heaven upon Earth, nor any, while living, can enjoy Heaven.

My life is a Curtain drawn betwixt me and all heavenly joyes; *Death* withdrawes the Curtain, and then I ſee ſuch ſights, as eye never ſaw, nor the heart of man can imagine.

Saith Saint *Paul*, *To me to dye is gain*; To live then was his loſs: he that liveth the longeſt, gaineth the leaſt; he that dyeth the ſooneſt, gaineth not a little; an Heaven for Earth, an everlaſting Kingdom, for a Copy-hold at will; an incorruptable State of Glory, for parting with a fainting, languiſhing, corruptable Clay-Farm of Earth.

The thoughts of this is that pleaſant potion, which ſweetens the bitter Pill of dying. *And to a wiſe man,*

man, to dye, is onely a paſſage from a wearisome life on earth, to a glorious life in the Kingdom of Heaven

Preparative 4. Joh. 11. 11.

* *Habes ſomnum imaginem mortis.* Cicero.

Mors eſt ſomnus, Death is a * ſleep, a ſweet and comfortable reſt-taking for a ſeaſon. It is no more to the Childe of God to go to his grave, then to go to his bed: He lies down in bed, to riſe, and is laid in his grave, to live; He puts off his clothes at night, puts them on in the morning. His death is the evening, in which he is diſrobed, his reſurrection is the morning, at which time he is richly clothed. I fear not to go to bed, nor need I fear to go to the grave; for there I ſleep, and here I reſt: And as ſleep is to my body, ſo is the grave to my humane nature, a *refreſher*.

All my day-ſorrowes, ſleep folds up, and all my life-cares, death diſſolves; when I ſleep, how is my ſoul freed

freed from the fetters of this fleſh, and when I die, doth not my ſoul part from a priſon, and hath leave to walk on unto the Lord?

Sleep is the ſemblance of the ſouls Goal-delivery, death is that ſleep which ſtrikes off the Bolts and opens the door, that *Peter* may walk out unto his Maſter. What ſoul deſires not ſleep, which revives the weary, comforts the ſick, and renewes decayed *Nature.*

Such is ſleep to Man living, and ſuch is death to Man dying; now he reſts from his labor, now his paines and pangs pack away; and now draws the time nigh, that the Eagle renews his years to eternity.

O the thoughts of theſe accreſſions of Bliſs *by dying*! may make the childe of God deſire to be diſſolved and to be with Chriſt; with Chriſt in ſpirit, with the grave in body. *And ſince I cannot ſoar in ſoul to heaven, till my body be caſt aſleep in the grave,*

grave. Let me quietly fall aſleep for a time, ſince after I awake, I ſhall live with the Lord for ever.

After theſe Preparatives follow certain Remembrancers, *which like ſo many* Monetors, *in ſilent language, admoniſh us of our Death-day.*

The Yearly Monetor.

THe whole Earth is the Yearly Monetor, and the Winter quarter the time we are to ſurvey it in. All which ſeaſon, we meet with many of the creatures, put us in remembrance of our change.

The Spring, is the Womb which brings out; the Summer, the Nurſe which cheriſhes; the Autumn, the ſeaſon which ripens; and the Winter quarter, gets all to bed, and buries all left behinde as in a grave.

Now the Flowers are withered, the Corn cut up, the Fruit gathered, the Leaf fallen down, and the Sap retired into the bowels of the Earth,

as

as into their proper ſepulchre. By theſe ſeveral Variations, this laſt quarter of the Year doth divulge, we never continue in one ſtay; but born to live, live to grow up, grow up to our full growth, and then return to our duſt: As all Trees of the Foreſt ſeem dead in Winter for want of moiſture, ſo that Seaſon is faſt coming on, that we, who came from the Earth, with ſuch as have received nutriment from the Earth, for want of radical moiſture, muſt all of us return to Earth and dye.

While the Summer pleaſes thy ſight, let Winter inform thy judgement, how ere long there will be a change; a change of weather, and a change of the creature.

As the ſweet fragrant gale of Summer muſt be tranſmuted into boiſterous ſtorms of Winter, ſo thy now pleaſant youth-hood, into akeing bones of old age; and thy ſo much joyed in life-time, into a day of death.

Seeſt

Seeſt thou not all the Earth in Winter, clad with a white winding-ſheet of Snow, and all the fruits of her wombe, at that time decayed, dead and withered. What are theſe, but Heralds ſent every year from God, to put man in minde every year of his end, who hath had his Spring of Infancy, Summer of Youth-hood, Autumn of Old age; and now muſt give entertainment to the Winter ſeaſon of his diſſolution, at what time the ſtorm of Death ſhall ſhake that Tree, Man, *Pſal.* 1. 3. blow off all his Leaves, his Senſes, ſplinter aſunder thoſe Branches, his Intellectuals; and tear in pieces that Bole, his Body; while the Sap of life takes fleet, and flees into his ſoul.

And thus with the Root, the ſoul lives, and thus with the Bole, the Body dies; the retirement of the Sap into the Root, predicting the ſouls ever-living; the retreat of that Sap from the Bole, proclaiming our bodily

bodily diſſolution. It is this Winter quarter ſets ſuch ſights before our eyes, as may with eaſe, let every of us ſee, we are to expect a change and die.

The Monethly Monetor.

I Cannot lift up my eye to Heaven, but preſently am ſent to caſt my eye down upon the grave; there God hath placed a creature, to learn all us on earth, a Lecture; The Moon changes once in the moneth, to teach *Man* to wait till his change come; and as certainly as ſhe wains, as aſſuredly we waſte; now ſhe is in her *Full* and *Luſtre*, a few dayes, and her light is dim'd. Even ſuch is Man, to day flouriſhing, to morrow fading; now in his full ſtrength, a few days, and none ſuch.

But that glorious body of the Moon, in a ſhort time is not to be ſeen, and ſeems to us annihilated; to put Man in minde, his light muſt be put out, and the eye that ſaw him before, ſee him no more. And

And thus the *Moon* changes, and *Man* departs; and mans dying is ſhaddowed out by the Moons changing; yea, learn by the change of the Moon in the Heavens, the cauſe of mans deadly Eclipſe upon Earth.

The Sun denies his conſtant light to the Moon, and the Son of God denies a for-ever life on Earth to the ſons of *men*. The interpoſition of the Earth, cauſeth the Moon to be buried in darkneſs; and earthly Affections are the cauſe, that man is buried among the Moulds.

Yet as the Sun, after a time, gives light again to the all-over darkned body of the Moon; ſo it is but for a time *Man* lies in darkneſs, after which the Son of God gives him a life, as the Son in the Firmament, the new Moon a light.

Let the new Moon increaſing, be a type of our Reſurrection, yet the old Moon in the wain, is the type of

our

our departing; which the leſs light it gives, the more light it lends us, to read a Lecture of our mortality, and aſſures us, by her example, that we borrow life, as ſhe light, from the Lord of life. And as the Moon in twenty eight days time, is wholly deprived of light, ſo it is not long, that we muſt enjoy the light of this life, but be hid from all worldly light, by the interpoſition of the grave.

To draw, as our lives, ſo all theſe paſſages to a period; Be it known, the Moon is our Monetor, our Remembrancer; that as ſhe above, ſo we below, muſt after our *full age*, expect a *change*, and dye.

The weekly Monetor.

The Graves and Tombes of our Anceſtors, we paſs by once in the week; and who can ſee them there lying, and forget his own dying?

Before we come into the Church, the Churchyard preſents this proſpect

to our eyes; as if unfit to hear Gods Word, until, O *Man*, thou remembreſt thy End.

We take a veiw of the Sepulchres of our Parents once in ſeven days, as if from one to ſeventy, a ſeventh of our time, were to be ſet apart, to put us in minde of our mortality.

Surely, it is an hard leſſon, by this long lecture; and what I am ſo oft to be taught, avowes I am very ſubject to forget.

In the Church, once in the week, thou heareſt what all the ſix dayes thou art to follow; in the Church-yard thou ſeeſt upon the ſeventh day, what is the doom of all men living, *once to dye.*

Carry eyes in thy head, and ere thou getteſt into the Church, thou haſt preſented to thy preſence, A *Funeral Sermon.*

Happy are thoſe Chriſtians, whom the ſight of graves, in the Church and Church-yard, ring a peal i

thei

their ears of their *Exeamus.*

The Bells rung, call *thee* into Gods Church, to hear, and to learn; the graves dig'd, warn *thee* to make fit for ſickneſs, and *to dye.* Thou then, who ſo oft haſt paſſed by thy dead friends, remember with them, thou muſt be reduced to duſt. And know it, *here* our Church appointed theſe peoples Burials, that ſo upon the ſolemn day of Gods worſhip, which is every ſeventh day, every man living, might have every week, a Remembrancer of his Mortality.

The every Night Monetor.

Once every night thou goeſt to bed, and once every day, thy bed may make *thee* remember thy End.

When all the day long I have acted the part of a living Man, night comes, and then in bed I act the part of a dying Man.

I put off my clothes, when bed-time; and I am unclothed, when I go to my grave; how doth night-

ſleep fold up my eyes, ſteals away my ſenſes, and makes me lie like a dead trunk.

The God of nature would teach me what I am by nature, and have this my bed, once in twenty four hours, my Remembrancer of my Mortality; and that the grave muſt be my Bed, a Sod my Pillow, the Moulds my Covering; and I, as when I went in life time to my night-bed, ſo as ſoon as laid along in my Death-bed, to be denuded of all my abilliaments, deprived of all worldly enjoyments, and ſequeſtred from the uſe of my *Senſes*. Thus he who hath made thee a Man, hath made thy Bed to make *thee* remember thy Grave; which ſo oft I have juſt occaſion to think on, as I put off my clothes, lie down in my ſhirt, as in a winding ſheet, and all alone am at a loſs for my Senſes.

And thus my bed is the Herald which every night proclaims Death

is on his march, and means *to quarter here.*

O happy is he who never goeth to bed but thinks of his end, all the days of his life are as ſo many Remembrances of his Death.

Now followeth certain Motives to move to make fit for Death.

Motive 1. 2 *Cor.* 10. 5.

WE muſt anſwer for all we have done in the fleſh; were *whole Man* to die, all men might ſpare this pains, *to prepare for Death:* but ſince after our Death-day, there is a Count-day, it is wiſdom againſt Death come, to ſtate the Reckoning. Now it is to be done, or not at all, our Death day is our laſt day; if in this time the Book be not croſt, our old Debts ſtand upon our own ſcore, and we to anſwer for all in *foro Cæli*, at Gods Tribunal, which is here done in *foro mundi*, in this world, *Here* if we get

not a Reprieve, hereafter we are to ſuffer for ever: we paſs from our beds to our graves, from our graves to the ſeat of Juſtice; there the *Books* are opened, our Treſpaſſes regiſtred, and we cited to appear; our Souls are to anſwer for our Bodies, the Body is kept priſoner, the Soul is call'd to the Bar; being the firſt conſpirator, it is firſt to be puniſhed; being maſter of the Family, it muſt be firſt made an example. The Soul immediately after death, the Body aſſoon as is the Reſurrection, and both of them have no time after this life time for a reconciliation.

This life militant is the long day of Mercy, it laſts from our birth till our death, after which time we are to be ſummoned and cenſured; how behoofful then, while life, to make fit for death, conſidering after death no plea will hold plea, no ſatisfaction can be given.

The Court of Chancery is in this life,

life, where in Equity we may be relieved by *Belief*; the Common Law is in the world to come, where nought can quit ſcores, but the *Law of works*: by our Works *then*, in the next world, we muſt be tryed, if not in this life by *Belief* acquit.

O the thought of this *in this life*, may move us to prepare for *Death*!

Our * Death day is conceal'd, that every day we may make fit for death; let us not then defer a day, leſt Death unawares overtake us: let us make fit to die, that we may be found fit *to anſwer*.

* *Latet ultimus dies, ut obſerventur omnes dies.* Greg.

All in the next world will be laid to our charge, if at our death we have not our Diſcharge.

Since there will be an after Reckoning, go caſt up your Accounts before you be caſt into priſon, *Mat.* 5. *Know it, he that hath many Articles of high Treaſon laid againſt him, had need have all his Anſwers in readineſs,*

at leaſt, the night before he be call'd to the Bar to anſwer.

Motive 2.

As the Tree falls ſo it lies; Man is the tree, we fall when we die, and if towards Mount *Olivet*, we aſcend; and if to the Egyptian Sea, the waters of Gods wrath ſurround us. Dye the death of the Righteous, and lead the life of Angels; dye the death of *Judas*, and live in torments with *Dives*.

Death is the laſt Scene in the laſt Act of this life, if right acted; there is a *Plaudite*; if thou be at a loſs, thou loſes *this*, and the life to come.

Severus the Emperor could ſay, *Omnia habui, & nihil mihi prodeſt*, I had all, and yet all did me no good; a dying ſaying, and a true ſaying of thoſe who die not the death of the Righteous.

Thou mayeſt in life have much, and in death leſs than nought; here health, wealth, honour, and live a rich

rich Emperor, and die a Spiritual Bankrupt.

What ever then thou haſt whilſt living, have a care of thy ending; for ſuch as is thy out-gate, ſuch is thy ſtate to Eternity: live impenitent, and die a reprobate; dye with a good Conſcience, and live for ever in Paradiſe.

While life then, labor for Grace, at thy death thou ſhalt be clothed with glory. The Mariner who ſails Northward, never comes to the Eaſt-Indies; The Chriſtian who ſteers by the Frozen Zoan of Haidneſs of Heart, never lands at the Sun riſing of Gods gracious Mercies. He that alwayes faces it to Hell, is not likely to foot it to Heaven. He that runs the whole race of his life among quagmires of groſs Tranſgreſſions, miſſes at his death the Goal of everlaſting life.

There is much to be hoped for whileſt life laſts, not the leaſt,

if our life cloſe with a wretched death; we muſt have a ſpecial eye to our laſt end, that is it which crowns our lives; if we go out with a ſnuff, we ſhall periſh in the flame; let our lamps burn clear to the laſt, and the Bridegroom will invite us to the feaſt.

What a care is taken for a preſent living, have a care of thy laſt ending, part fair, and farewel for ever.

Since an eternity of Bliſs depends upon my Death, all my life is little enough to make fit for death.

A double Good got by ruminating upon our end { *Humiliation.* / *Contrition.*

1. *Good got, Humiliation.*

I Never think of Death, but my aſpiring Heart is humbled, my high Thoughts are laid low, if once I begin to take up a dying Meditation; a long deſcent, and large poſſeſ-

ſions

ſions puff up, whereas an heart ſenſible of its end, acknowledges all theſe to be vanities.

Have you not ſeen a Peacock jet with his imbroidered Plumes, as taking a vain glory in his ſpangled Train; but he looks at his fool feet, and then, as aſhamed, he lets fall all his feathers: even ſuch is Man, proud of his natural endowments, worldly accreſſions, great ſupporters, all which, make him jet with *Ahaſhuerus* in his clothes of ſtate; but if once with *BelſhaZZar* he look at what writ on the wall, he lowres his top-ſail, comes under the lee, and humbles his ſoul under the ſight of the Lord; then goes the cry, I am a Worm and no man, *Minor ſum Domine*, I am leſs, O Lord, then the leaſt of thy Mercies.

The herb *Pſilidonia* giveth ſight to the yong Swallows; and this Herb of Grace, *A Thought of the Grave*, lets us ſee our ſelves in our own colours, whence

whence we came, whither we muſt return, from the earth unto the earth.

O the thought of this, may make us peaceable one with another, and exceedingly deject in Gods ſight, ſince our ſin in common, hath laid one common burthen upon all the ſons of *Adam*.

The Sun walks on from the Eaſt unto the Weſt, until the time that the Sun doth ſet; and thus Man is in a continual motion, he paſſes on from the Womb to the Grave, from his Infancy to his Youth-hood, middle Age, old Age, and his Sun is ſet in the Grave: And thus all his Life is a journey to his Death, while no ſooner paſſing out of one priſon, but hurrying on to another.

This may ſound a loud alarum for an Humiliation; we had not dyed had we not ſinned, our eyes had never been ſhut by Death, had not our eyes been opened at our ſinning in the Garden of *Eden*. They were then opened,

opened, and we now ſee, from what a glorious ſtate we are fallen, in what an abyſs of miſeries we are plunged, for all of all ſorts are to be wrapt in duſt and aſhes.

The holy Father *St Auguſtine* ſaith, *Reſpice ſepulchra, diſcerne ſi potes, victum à Rege, fortem à debili, &c.* Go view the ſepulchres of thy anceſtors, ſee if thou canſt ſay, this was the Captive, this the King, this *Samſon* the ſtrong; this *Mephiboſheth* the lame; O! the Grave makes all alike, Princes and Peaſants: give entertainment to ſuch Meditations, and though to day in ſoft raiment, to morrow I may chance to hear tell, how you are all aſſembled with Faſting, and Sackcloth, and Earth upon you, *Neh.* 9. 1.

O that *dies cineris*, the daily thought of mans mortality is that bottom tranſports Humility to his heart, and makes him, while other honour him, beſpeak the high God in a lowly language.

2. *Good*

2. *Good got, Contrition.*

Where thoughts of dying, there are thoughts of repenting; none is more penitent, then he who is moſt mortified: let the Grave be thy table-talk, Repentance ſhall be thy day-work.

Never thinks Man of his laſt end, but there is a private motion made to him, to forſake ſin, and ſorrow for his ſin. * When I call to mind my dying day, it makes me every day fearfull what work I undertake, and if diſpleaſing God, lay it by; and if a breach of his Law, with tears ſeek remiſſion of my ſin. The King of *Nineve* hath notice, *Forty dayes and Nineve ſhall be deſtroyed*: this Funerall Sermon brought the King off his Throne, and made him cry mightily unto the Lord.

* *Qui conſiderat qualis erit in morte, ſemper ſit timidus in operatione,* Greg.

The noiſe of death is the voyce of Chriſt, able to raiſe us

* *Nihil ſic revocat à peccato, quam frequens meditatio mortis,* S. Auguſt.

Lazarus's

Lazarus's out of the grave of ſin, and compell us with *Peter*, to go out and weep bitterly.

He who dreams of long life is ſeldom known to ſorrow for ſin; he who makes his Coffin his companion, ſayes of laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth, what doth it?

All his life is a Lent, after it be ended comes his Eaſter; then he joyes though now he grieves, yet now he grieves for that he ſees his ſin occaſions the day of his deſolution.

Profit and pleaſure ſhut up the womb of Contrition, Meditations upon Death are in ſtrong labor with *Benoni's* Twins of ſorrow.

The Wallnut-tree the more it is cudgell'd it is the more full of fruit, and when the remembrance of our end layes load upon our Souls and Conſciences, then our weeping is like the weeping of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddo, when he wept for his noble ſon *Jonadan*. Then

we

we lament for that we live to die, and are dead while yet alive; our death to come, pointing out our death in ſin; and our being dead in ſin, proclaiming the death of our bodies for the deadly ſin of our ſouls.

O theſe are the Thoughts which cauſe a Chriſtian to water his couch night by night, and ſoak his ſoul in Tears of true repentance.

Welcom is that Meditation which increaſes my Tears as the waters increaſed under the threſhold of the Temple; let us rather chuſe to go weeping to Heaven, than laughing to Hell; and more ſolace our ſelves with the thoughts of death, though it draw tears from our eyes, then rejoyce in worldly vanities, which ſend all impenitent ſinners into a place of endleſs torments.

Now

Now followes the advantage Death brings to the dying Saint.

The Advantage.

THis ſowre ſauce is ſent up with ſweet Viands, whilſt theſe Mourning weeds aſſure an heavenly heritage; enter Death, and enter Soul into thy Maſters joy; now is the Childe of God freed from what incumbred, and now the Angels carry him up into *Abrahams* boſom. This is the firſt of time he is freed from the miſeries incident to theſe times, at his death he bids adiew to all earthly calamities, which what * abundance, and how various, this laſt Age hath taught us by ſad experience; now the Devil cannot ſequeſter his *Goods*, as he did juſt *Jobs*, nor impriſon his perſon as *Ahab* did *Michaia*; what though with his maſter he be deſpiſed with *Herod* and his men of War,

* *Dum in carne eſt anima inter ſpinas verſatur*, Bern.

War, or followed by *Pharaoh* and his whole hoaſt, he hath marched through a Sea of Death, and is now landed at his *Canaan*, Gods Kingdome.

He is now ſeated in one of thoſe Manſions which our elder Brother went to prepare for us, and hath put off, that he might put on, and laid aſide a fading, languiſhing body of Clay, to be clothed with a robe of bleſſed immortality.

He hath exchanged his nigh relations on Earth, for high fortunes in Heaven; and left the ſweet ſociety of Wife and Children, to ſing an inceſſant Alleluja with celeſtial Choriſters; a little loſs and great gains; he parts with Copper for currant Coin, and earthly pleaſures, for pleaſures at the right hand of God for ever.

O happy death which leads to ſuch a life! St. *Bernard* carols out Deaths Encomium, while ſweetly tunes Deaths Praiſe in theſe lines; *Bona mors*

mors, juſti propter requiem, melior propter novitatem, optima propter ſecuritatem: O happy death, which puts a peaceable period to my earthly pilgrimage, puts one in poſſeſſion of a new Kingdom, and in ſuch ſecurity, I need not fear an enemy.

I am carried to Heaven by Hell gates, whilſt by the death of my body freed from this *body of Death*, and ſecurely ſeated triumphantly in the kingdom of Heaven: here are high Priviledges and princely Prerogatives, whilſt the meaneſt in this Kingdom is in a more glorious condition, then all the Kings upon earth.

The dying Saint now leaves his friends, and leaves the world, being more willing to die, than deſirous to live; he hath exchanged a life militant, for a life triumphant, being made heir, heir of God, and joynt-heir with Chriſt Jeſus, *Rom.* 8.

I will ſend a defiance to Death, ſince Death is that *Daleth*, the Door which

which lets me in, into the kingdom of Heaven.

The Dammage enſues upon the death of impenitent ſinners.

WE are now come to take cognizance of the ſad condition of him, who lives and dyes an impenitent ſinner; a ſubject, which if well weighed, will make the heart quake, and the joynts to tremble.

Man ſo ſoon as born weeps, and knew he the ſtate of the impenitent, he would weep from his Cradle to his Crutch.

It pitties my very ſoul to think how hard hearted is man to his poor ſoul, guilding the Caſe, and ſlighting the Jewel; *Fera nulla ut in ſe ſæviat tam fit fera*, No beaſt is ſo brutiſh as to be his own butcher; Man is more mad, for he pampers the Fleſh and deſtroyes the Soul: he will live in ſin though he hang in Hell.

Thus

Thus he lives and thus he dyes, and thus he comes to be caſt in dammage; he loſes *here*, a good Conſcience, and loſes hereafter, ſuch a loſs as a world cannot regain, Communion of Saints, Forgiveneſs of Sins, and a Life everlaſting; a Trinity of Bliſs, and a Trinity of Perſons, *his Good, and his God*; * an everlaſting Loſs for tranſient Pleaſures, while God hath denied to be his Father, Chriſt his Redeemer, the holy Ghoſt his Comforter; he hath no Communion with the Saints, and therefore no comfort by the holy Ghoſt; he hath no Remiſſion of Sins, and therefore no Redemption by Chriſt Jeſus; he hath ſold his Intereſt, for a Momentany life, in the life to come, and therefore diſowned by the Father, yea, by the Father, Son, and holy Ghoſt.

* *Momentaneum quod delectat, æternum quod cruciat.* Greg.

Thus he loſes the ſociety of the glorious Trinity, and the expectance of

of all after Bliſs; nor can theſe be counted the leaſt nor laſt of his loſſes, for the ſole loſs of Gods preſence, enſures a ſpring-tyde of the waters of *Mara*, bitter ſorrows, and ſorrowful ſufferings; you may take a glimpſe of them, God grant you never feel them. Read *Matthew*, 25.41. There the Judge ſits and the impenitent appears; the Bill is filed, the Anſwer is put in, but the Replication makes void all the Allegations; for the Sentence paſſes, and the Judge bids, Depart from me ye curſed into everlaſting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.

An heavy curſe to have the curſe of God, a doleful departure to be partedfrom our Lord and Saviour; nor isit to be baniſhed with *John* into *Patmos*, but confined to hell fire with *Dives*. The *Three* were caſt into the hot burning furnace, but call'd out again; but theſe are to be caſt in, and never come out, for to go into ever-

everlasting fire, where they are to abide, and it to last, and for ever: and as it is ever durable, so mighty formidable, for a place prepared for the Devil and his Angels.

These are to be thy Companions, and these thy * Tormenters; and with these, the impenitent to suffer the like punishment.

* *Anima damnata continuo invaditur dæmonibus, qui crudelissime eam capientes, ad infernum deducunt.* Cyr.

O such is the nature of Impenitency, as plunges a sinner into the deep of Gods judgements, and as ill as imposed upon all the Devils.

Since to dye impenitent maketh the loss irreparable, here in the next place, follow Helps, to enable all us, by Gods grace, to dye well.

1. *Help to dye well.*

Non malè moriuntur, qui semper cogitaverunt se morituros, Let Death be every day in thy minde, and thou scarce canst make an ill end.

O the

O the daily thought of Death, fits a Chriſtian for the hour of Death, and makes him ſlight all earthly vanity, and preſs on to the price of his high calling.

He who lets all his life be taken up with the pleaſures of this life, lives merrily and dyes miſerably: He who mingles the Thoughts of his Death with the Years of his Youth, what Sorrow ſoever ſurrounds his life, a Spring-tyde of Joy overflowes at his death.

Soul, take thy eaſe, this is the Devils Ballad, and while it would warrant my here pleaſures, portends my after pains. *Thank God I die daily*, this may ſeem to be the melancholy ditty, but it is to the tune of that divine Hymn, *To me to dye is gain.*

When I think of my Death, it makes me amend my life; and look what a curbing bit is to an ill broke Jennet, ſuch is the Thought of Death to a crooked Converſation, it com-

mands

mands and keeps us in the pathes of righteouſneſs.

A conſtant thinking upon the day of thy diſſolution *is the ſoul-food*, which keeps it ſound, when the body is ſickeſt, and the phyſick which purges off our ſtomachs, *Love of this world*, and gets us a ſtrong appetite after the world to come.

When I call to minde, how I muſt dye, then I begin to think what a life I had need to live.

If I were to teach the *world* how to live, I would begin with this Leſſon, *Remember, O man, thou muſt dye.* Phyſicians cure by contraries; and for a ſoul-ſick life, the beſt receit is, the thought of Death. This will cool thy Blood, change thy Humors, reduce thy Affections, reform thy Paſſions, and of a ſick ſoul, make a ſound Saint. Sound in minde, while ſick in body, alive to God, though half dead to the judgement of the world.

This is the worlds wonder, That the way to fit thee for a life in Heaven, is oft to think upon thy End on earth; *Vivens moriare & mortuus ſemper vivas*, Thou mayeſt live when dead, and dye whileſt living.

It is reported, how a young man ſo placed a Picture in his Bed-chamber, that look what way he would; it looked like death, as though he could not in life be fit for death, except every day, death were the object of his ſight. And doubtleſs that anſwer to the Emperor implyed no leſs, who asking in what a mans chief labor ſhould be imployed, was reſolved, *In agnitione Dei, & arte moriendi*, in learning to know God, and to know he muſt dye.

The more we keep to this Task the eaſier will be our laſt Work; and think oft in life of death, and the death, after the loſs of this life, will be the beginning of a bleſſed life everlaſting.

2. *He*

2. *Help to dye well.*

VIs *bene mori, bene vive*, Auguſt. Wouldſt thou dye well, then live well; a good life is the fore-runner of an happy death, a lewd life the conduct to the bottomleſs pit of Hell. And thus Sanctity ſends a Saint in peace to his grave, but Obdurateneſs in ſin, the ſinner, with *Judas*, to his proper place.

When the works of Piety and Charity engroſs all our dayes, Mercy waits upon us to our graves, and Glory is the Pention paid us at the Sun-ſet of our End. Religious duties are the enſurers that Ship *the Body* ſhall land ſafe at the Port of death, and Holineſs *the Paſs* conveyes me from the Houſe I now live in, to the Houſe my Bones muſt reſt in.

Well hath that Reverend Doctor, D. *Sutton* coupled, as never to be ſeparated, *Learn to live*, and *Learn to*

dye. For be a Truant in that firſt, and thou art uncapable of heavenly preferment by this laſt.

Can a man dye the death of a Saint, and lead the life of an Atheiſt? When I ſee the *Ethiopian* change his colour, it is time enough then, to maintain ſuch a contradiction.

Yet the Hypocrite outvies the Atheiſt in his life, and yet cometh ſhort of Heaven at his Death.

He that pretends for God, and Chriſt, and his Church, but makes a prey of that conſecrated to Gods Church, may with the Eagle make merry with the fleſh ſnatched from the Altar, but there is a Cole carried with it, will conſume ſuch aſpiring Eagles and their Neſts.

Our Actings, while here living, muſt either be warrantable, or our out-gate and dying will be moſt miſerable. So then lead a life of grace, that thou mayeſt acquire a life of glory.

Would

Would man consider what a short time he hath here to stay, he would to this work, lest the night come when none can work. Call to minde what a short space betwixt thy Birth and Death. Remember how the life of man is compared to a Shuttle, *Job* 7. 6. which presently passes through; to a Race, and how soon is it run; to the Flowres, to day flowrishing, to morrow fading; to Grass, now standing, anon cut down, dead and whithered. All which are semblances of our lives uncertainty, and may teach us so to live as if to day to dye, and so to dye, that after death, we may live with the Lord for ever.

Since we must live well, that we may dye well; now follow Requisites, *in life, the Harbengers of an happy Death.*

MAn consists of two Essentials, and these *Requisites* of two

parts; The one ſort are *Moral*, and in ſome ſort have relation to the Body; the other, *Spiritual*, and in full have relation to the Soul. The *Requiſites moral*, are ſo many Ethick vertues; the *Spiritual*, ſo many divine Graces: The former make me ſociable among men; the later, acceptable at Gods Tribunal. I may be an Hypocrite and entertain the firſt, yet where the firſt ſort are defulct from the Body, the Soul is wholly ſequeſtred from the ſecond: For, as where no Leafes, no Fruit; ſo where no Requiſites moral, no ſpiritual. I therefore commend unto you, in the firſt place, certain *Requiſites moral*, as an honor to your lives, and no ſmall hopes of your happy deaths.

The firſt Requiſite moral ſhall be *Diſcretion*. This doth adorn, and exceedingly a Chriſtians converſation; it is not enough to have Wit, but diſcretion, the one waits upon the ingenious man, the other upon the ſage

ſage and grave man This is he who weighs his words in the ballance of the Sanctuary; gravity ſits in his countenance, ſilence hath put to flight ſcurrility; and as for his heart, it is oft meditating upon thoſe words of the Apoſtle, *Avoid jeaſting, which is not comely.* All is not forbid, yet all of that ſort, which ſtab Chaſtity, affright Civility, ſmell of Scurrility. Such jeaſts which ſmell more of Wit, then Grace, of which the owner is in travel, and when the birth is brought out, it is a fool, a phancy ſelf pleaſing an idle brain, of which its Maſter may crack, but it cracks his credit, and makes him accounted of, for one who is all words, all wind, and a vapor preſently vaniſhes. I deſire we may all affect Diſcretion; tongue Diſcretion, to ſeaſon our ſayings with ſalt, *Coloſ.* 4. 6. to ſet a watch over our words. And ſince Nature hath ſtruck a double Percullis before our tongues, to tye our tongues to

good behaviour. The *Leaconian* language, it were well it were learned, a ponderoſity of ſpeech predicts a judgement ſollid, an Intelect profound, and an Head hath brains in it; whereas a prating fool ſhall fall, *Prov.* 10. 8. All his words may fitly be compared to the Cyprus tree, which is great and tall, but bears no fruit. We have ſome, we had need do unto, as *Alexander* did to *Chyrillus*, give them mony to hold their peace; they will be ſpeaking, yea prating, when they know not what to ſay; like the *Perſian* Lord, who came into *Appelles*'s ſhop, and talked of Painting, to whom *Apelles* made this reply, Whileſt thou heldeſt thy tongue, we took thee for a wiſe man, now we know thee to be a Fool, for every Boy, who grindes Oker, can mock thee. This is it ſhall make me reſolve upon it, to ſet a watch before my lips, that I offend not with my tongue; and by Gods aſſiſtance, to think

think before I ſpeak, before I ſpeak all I think.

The Baptiſt was the forerunner of our Meſias, and this Tongue-wiſdom is præcurſor pietatis, *which I may have, and lead a lewd life, which who ſo wants, ſeldom dyes an happy death.*

The ſecond Requiſite moral, is, *Humane Compaſsion*, to have a fellow feeling of others miſeries, and to lay to heart what they have ſuffered. This is a vertue doth mightily adorn a Chriſtians converſation: ſee therefore, if thou canſt eſpy this morning-ſtar, in the day-break of thy life, it is a ſign of an happy ſun-ſet at the cloſure of thy death. In this Iſle, this virtue hath many objects, but few owners; for never was their more cauſe to pitty, yet where is the good Samaritan, hath ſhowen the leaſt compaſſion? many have been rob'd and deadly wounded, yet who hath poured in Oyl and Wine; Wine to cleanſe, Oyl to heal, the perſecuted,

their comforters. I ſpeak not of all, but of the moſt of all, are like *Iob*'s friends, they add ſorrow to their griefs; and though others have fil'd their mouthes with the *ſweet*, they give the oppreſſed leave to take their fill of the ſowre. What is all brotherly compaſſion fled from among men? it could never be, were not the devils come among us in mens likeneſs. To ſee the behaviour of one towards another, would almoſt perſwade me there were Engliſh Cannabals, and that we were ſo far from true Chriſtians, that ſhort of many Heathens. I read of a Roman Captain, who having conquered *Syracuſa*, when he ſaw the exceſſive ſpoil and bloody maſſacres, the Heathen Captain fell a weeping; cannot we paralel the ſpoil, and overcount for blood, ſince ſcarce an Hamblet in our Land, but hath been Dyed in blood; yet where is the Officer at Arms, or holy Zelot, that cries out for the divi-

ons

ſions of *Reuben*, *Judg.* 5. 15. for the diviſions of *Levi* are great griefs of heart. That Judge is for ever famoized, who never paſt ſentence of death, but wept, he wept for that the Malefactors deſerved to dye: Is it not high time then, to mourn for the ſuffering of *honeſt men*. When judgement begins at Gods own houſe; and not onely the Pinnicles fall, but the Pillers are pulled up by the Roots. It is a ſigne of a reprobate people to remain inſenſible; what then, to make a ſcoff and ſcorn to ſee the Sun darkned, the Moon eclipſed, and the Stars dim'd of their light? Let me tell you, when Nature will not work upon mans Affections, Grace is affraid to viſit his heart; and if I ſhew no commiſerating love to my afflicted brother, neither dwelleth the love of God in me. To compaſſionate the diſtreſſed, is the diminitive of love; I may diſburſs of this, without dammage; this kinde

of

of love is little more then lip labour: And yet what a ſad caſe for ſo many thouſands of ſufferers, and ſcarce ſo much ſaid, as *God help them.*

Either *the Crime* is in the Full, or their humanity is in *the waine. O let my conſcience be my comfort, then the leſs I will care, who is careleſs of me*; yet what ever be my miſery, good Chriſtian, forget not thy duty; and while *extream juſtice* is put in the one weighſcale, ballace the other with the bowels of Chriſtian compaſſion; for know it, He ſhall have judgement without mercy, who ſhowes no mercy, *Iam.* 2. 13. This laſt age is troubled with *The Turn diſeaſe*; and he that acts *in the Comedy to day*, ere night may bear *his part in a Tragedy.* This world is a Lottery, thou now haſt drawn a Prize, next may be a blanck; And ſay now the Clubs be Trumps, and make thy hand, the next *Deal*, the *Spade* may be turned up, the Hyrogliphick of that inſtrument which

which commits thy body to the ground: The wheel of Fortune runs round, and the Buckets in the Flood-mill, which now are uppermoſt, by and by, are the loweſt. The Emblem how all is uncertain, and that ſuch as I am, thou mayeſt be, it is the Scripture phraiſe, *The wicked ſtand in ſlipery places*; and ought to pitty ſuch who lye groveling on the ground, ſince they know not, how ſoon themſelves may fall. But O commiſerating Compaſſion, how many miles have I gone in Pilgramage, yet could never finde thee in my March; if thou be loſt, thou waſt loſt in this our Iſleland; if thou be found again, thou haſt been long a finding. But who ever hath found her, keeps her priſoner, for there is no Commiſerating Compaſſion to be met with in our ſtreets.

When we fall much ſhort of the moral virtues, frequent in the lives of profane Heathens, there is ſmall hopes, we ſhall

ſhall dye the death of religious Chriſtians.

The third Requiſite Moral, is, *Sobriety.* This is a branch of Temperance, which moderates the Affections, and ſuffers them not to exceed in coveting carnal pleaſures, it is recommended to us, *Tit.* 2. 11. refulgent in the life of many Heathens, and I wiſh it might more frequently down-lye and up-riſe in us Chriſtians. Let it ſhine in us for conſcience ſake, while in them for popular ends; that as they, thereby gain the good will of men, we, by it, may be put in hopes of the Grace of our Lord Jeſus.

The former Requiſite, did caſt an eye at my neceſſitated Neighbour, this looks me my ſelf fully in the face; and is to day to ſtay at home with me, while I ſend abroad that other, to viſit my diſtreſſed Brother. In a word, I am to be its Subject, it my Adjunct, this world its Object.

And

And therefore I am to adviſe, as to Sobriety in meat and drink, ſo in all things elſe: Thus your lives ſhall be no blemiſh to your deaths; neither can death be a comfort, if in your life Sobriety be excommunicated. A moderation of minde is a bleſſing of God, which thoſe Farmers had ſmall acquaintance with, who not onely ſlew the Servants, but put it to the Vote, to take away the life of the Heir of the Vineyard, that they themſelves might inherit. Well, they that get a great eſtate with an ill conſcience, ſhall finde at their end, their cheap Farms dear penniworths. Know it, a minde tranſported, with a greedy deſire after exceſſive Honour and Riches, to acquire its end and aime, will make a *Bethlehem* ſwim with the blood of many Innocents. Thoſe whoſe eyes are thus ſore blood-ſhot, are wholly deſtitute of this virtue, which avoids exceſs, obſerves a meam, and moderates mans

carnal

carnal appetite to the creature. Want Sobriety, and all thy glorious Profeſſion is rough-caſt, with a black cloud of ignominious contempt; yea, the higheſt place in Church or Commonwealth, ſhall not free thee from a juſt reproach. This will be the ſpeach in private, There goes a Tradeſman follows Lectures, and runs to Exerciſes, *But leſſens the Ephah to increaſe his Shekle*; and this, *But*, cracks his credit. There goeth a zealous Stateſman, and none more than he abhors Idols, *But commits Sacraledge*; and this, *But*, proclaims him an Hypocrite. There goeth a painful Preacher, he preaches Forenoon, Afternoon; *But cloſe-fiſted to the Poore, but gives them ten Sermons for one Alms*; and this, *But*, aſſures us his heart is ſouldred to the god of this world. To preach Chriſt and ſtarve his Members, to cry down Dagon and rob the Arke, to make uſe of God, to gain the World; this

is

is a new Religion, but of the Devils deviſing; and it takes its root, growth, from extream Avarice. Whilſt a ſort can have God in their mouthes, the world in their mindes, their eyes turned up to Heaven, but their Hands and Arms up to the Elbowes in the Churches Intrails. The Churches Martyrs went to Heaven, by Hell gates, Theſe Churchcomers, to Hell by Heavens gates; They are the worſt of Chriſtians, while not ſo righteous, as the beſt of Heathens: Their Temperance cries ſhame of theſe mens Covetouſneſs, and their Sobriety, of their Gluttony and Ebriety. It is reported of the Toad, that though her food be the Bulk and Body of the Earth, yet will eat no more in a day, than ſhe can craple in her Paw: And turn the Horſe to the water, and he drinks no more, but what ſufficeth Nature. How degenerate are thoſe Chriſtians, whom, as you ſhall hear, not onely

onely Heathens, but Brutes can teach a Leſſon of Moderation. When your Actions make Proclamation, you are further off Heaven, than an *Indean*, then you are as nigh Hell as the devil. And if a *Brute*, led by Senſe, can eſchew exceſs, *Reaſon* hath got a mortal maim, that can keep no Decorum. Thus whileſt thou keepeſt no *Mean*, thou art of a lower ſtature then an *Heathen*, yea, leſs to be reputed then a *Brute*. Thou loſeſt thy glory when thou parteſt with Sobriety, but thou winneſt thy credit and keep to it; it is ſuch a Jewel, as *Caliſtenes*, an Heathen, will not put to the hazzard for ſix hundred Crowns; no not drink off the great Cup called *Alexander*, Though *Alexander* the GREAT command him. O brave heroick Moderation of an Heathen! who may teach our *Engliſh*, how to demean themſelves; whom if we will immitate, we ſhall recal back abundance of debauched Drunkards,

Drunkards, and make them have that conceit of much drinking at once, that had King *Cyrus*, who told his Nobles, all the drink they drunk yesterday had poison in it, they ask him, why poison? because saith he, not one of you came home in your right wits.

Believe me, if by reason of daily intemperance in thy life, thou canst not keep in thy right wits, it is probable at thy death, thou shalt want Grace to dye in the Faith of our Lord Jesus.

. . . . . .

But as there are Requisites Moral, Beutifiers of the outward Man, *so there are Requisites Spiritual*, Ornaments of thy Soul; *and they are also three,* { Faith, Hope *and* Charity.

THe three first thou mayest attain to, and want the three last; where ever the three last are, the three first

firſt are not a wanting. The firſt three are Moral Vertues, the three laſt Theological Graces. Now as there are, *Tria principia*, three cauſes of all things in this world, ſo theſe three, re-make *Man the little world:* The Moral Vertues faſhioned me to live righteouſly amongſt men, the Theological, to live religiouſly and in the fear of God. And as ſix days were ſpent in perfecting the Creation, ſo all theſe ſix concur, to conſummate our Regeneration; but as not till the ſixth day, Man was made, *the perfection of all the creatures*, ſo not till the laſt of all theſe ſix, can man be ſaid to be re-made, *a new creature*; ſaith the Apoſtle, we muſt *Ire à virtute ad virtutem*, we muſt go on from vertue to vertue; that is, march on from thoſe Morals, to theſe Theologicals; from the firſt of theſe three, to the laſt of theſe three. We muſt take our riſe from *Faith*, go on in *Hope*, and end in *Charity*: And if thus

thus thou ſetteſt out, at the Goal of Faith, runneſt in the way of Hope, up to the Standard, Charity; then with a comfort, thou mayeſt cry out, *Come Lord Jeſus come quickly*: Then thy dying day ſhall be the *Day of jubile*, which ſhall make thee a more glorious Freeholder in Heaven, then ever was *Adam* in the garden of *Eden*. There is then an abſolute neceſſity of *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*; for want theſe, and all thy life is a living death; enjoy theſe, and after death, thou enjoyeſt a life everlaſting.

If ever then thou wouldeſt dye in the fear of God, thou muſt believe in God, and in his Word, hope all promiſed will be performed; and live in perfect Charity with God and Man.

Short Leſſons but long alearning, which when we have taken out, we may lay by our Books. Our great Maſter will require no more, when I have got theſe three Lectures perfect,

I am in Gods uppermost Form on Earth; and sure at his last Visitation, to be chosen a Fellow of the House in the Colledge of Angels.

We read of three Wise-men, who went out to seek Christ, here are three Graces can assure us, we have found him, whom they did seek; the first is *Faith*, the second is *Hope*, the third is *Charity*; Faith which looks backward, Hope which looks forward; Faith at what past, Hope at that to come: While the object of Faith are the Promises, the object of Hope, the things promised. But the object of Charity is God and man, the Creator and the creature; and yet both Hope and Charity, are but the effects or fruits of Faith; for from this Fountain flow these streams; we will first dive into the Fountain, then swim in the streams; first speak of Faith, then of Hope and Charity.

This Enchirideon is too compendious

pendious to treat of the * Faith once anciently delivered, which is, *Doctrina Scripturæ*, the Doctrine of the Scripture; or yet *de fide historica*, the Faith which the very Devils acknowledge; or yet, *de fide temporaria*, the Faith of Hypocrites, or Summer Gospellers; or yet, *de fide miraculorum*, the Faith with which *Iudas*, as well as the rest of the Apostles, was gifted; or yet, *de credefica fide*, the Faith called the Apostles Creed.

* *Hæc est fides quam credimus, non qua credimus.*

The subject I have now selected out to discourse upon, is, *Fides salvifica*, a saving Faith.

Now this Faith is the free gift of God, sent to us by the ministry of his Word, being grounded upon Gospel Promises, whereby I am fully perswaded, what ever God in Christ hath done for any, the same he hath don for me and my salvation.

The *primus Motor*, or first worker of this Faith in the heart is God, the

the Impulſive cauſe, not any foreſeen good, but becauſe God will be ſo good; neither is it acquired by us our ſelves, but freely given by God unto us, *Epheſ.* 2. 8. *Tit.* 4, 5, 6. Now if you would know, how God ſends this Meſſenger of life to us, dead in ſins and treſpaſſes, Read, *Romans* the 10. 14, 15, 16, and 17. *Verſes*, where aver'd, Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word Preached; and how can they Preach, except they be ſent: You hear here, how *the Faith-bringing Preachers*, they run not till they be ſent, nor can they be ſent, but by the Lord; nor yet can any, without high preſumption, pretend they are ſent by the Lord, without impoſition of hands; ſo *Timothy* and *Titus* were Ordained. Without then an Apoſtolike Ordination, by the Church, none ought to preſume they are ſent by the Lord; and without ſo ſent, none ought to Preach; and without

out ſuch *Preachers*, there is no profitable hearing; and without ſuch hearing, no ſaving Faith. This ſeriouſly conſidered, what hopes have many of my Countrey-men to go to Heaven, when in many Pariſhes, like People like Prieſt, *meer Laicks and Mecannicks.* O the people having itching ears, have choſen to themſelves Preachers, whom God never ſent, *Jer.* 23.21. his Church never ordained, nor were ever any ſuch approved on ſince the Primitive times. And thus we have abundance follow the new Faſhion, to the loſs of the *old Apoſtolique Faith.* Here is one dances after the *Scotch bag-pipe*, and he will have his Prieſt made without a Biſhop: another ſort do *ſatis inſanire*, and they will have their Preachers made without either Biſhop or Presbyter; and thus becauſe *Iack Kade* once aſpired to be a King, they imagine *Iack Puddin* may be a Preacher. But know it, that for fifteen hun-

dred years, neither of theſe kindes of Preachers were ever known in Chriſts Church, made by the Presbytery, without a *Paul*, or elſe, which is moſt unſufferable, neither by a *Paul* nor his Presbytery: yet the followers of theſe new found Evangelizers bear us in hand, *they are the onely Believers.* And ſo indeed they are, *onely Believers*, for ſuch who have a Faith but no good Works: but let theſe know, the true ſaving Faith reſembles the Muſtard-ſeed-tree, which no ſooner leaves to grow but begins to dye; that is, till death it blooms and bloſſoms, yet its Fruit muſt not be over-prized, leſt it prove as fatal to us as the Apple to *Eve*; for this is moſt certain, *Quod nec opera fidei, nec fides ut opus*, It is neither the Works ſtreaming from Faith, nor yet Faith, as a Work, juſtifies. And yet the Scripture ſaith, By Faith ye are juſtified that is, *ut Inſtrumentum*, as an Inſtrument apprehending Chriſt, not as

Wor

Work wrought by us, meriting Chriſt. I know honourable things are ſpoken of thee, *O Faith*, but as the gold ring is highly prized for the many precious Diamonds ſet in it, not ſo much for it ſelf, though gold; ſo conceive of Faith, that all the honour we finde given it in Scripture, is for that *the great Gold-ſmith, God Almighty, will ſet his rich Iewels of free Redemption, Iuſtification, Sanctification,* in no other Mettle, but Faith in Chriſt Jeſus; which Mettle comes out of his own Mine, and though caſt in the Forge, the *new Converts heart*, yet even *there* it is altogether of the Lords proper molding, making; ſo that he it is, that bends the Heart to believe, and ſo Faith is the free gift of God. But as Faith is the Inſtrument by which, as by an hand, we lay faſt hold on Chriſt and his Merits, *ſic fides eſt cauſa inſtrumentalis Iuſtificationis.* Thus we will give Faith its due, and God his honour; and

while God the honour, look at Faith as the onely Inſtrument ſent from God, by his Spirit, in the miniſtery of his word, to faſten us to, and revit us in, to the Merits of Chriſt Jeſus. Lo, *the Star* conducts us to the Cratch of Chriſt; Lo, *the Sun*, my God and my Lord hath fixed in the firmament, my Heart, whereby the day of Redemption is ſprung from on high. This is *the Glaſs*, in which I can ſee the wrath of God appeaſed, the joyes of Heaven inſued, the hand-writing blotted out, and the *Great Charter* for a royal Inheritance, writ in red Letters with the Blood of the immaculate Lamb. Yet more, it is Faith is the upholder of *Hope*, and mother of *Charity*: want Faith, and thy Hope is dead, and thy Charity cold, and thou neither good to others, good to thy ſelf, nor yet will God be good to thee.

God will do thee no good, if thou have no Faith to believe in God, thou

thou canſt do thy ſelf no good, for ſince uncapable to Hope, uncapable to *Have*; thou will do others no good, for where no Faith, no good Works.

Thus all hangs on Faith, the help of God, my hopes of help, and my helping others.

O let me enjoy Faith leſt I loſe my God, leſt I loſe my Hopes, leſt others loſe my Charity.

All is loſt and loſe Faith, all is ſafe and ſave faith.

Let Faith carry my body to the Grave, and the Angels ſhall carry my ſoul into Paradiſe.

O let me live in ſuch a Faith, that when I die, the loſs of a life cannot make me loſe the joyes which are at the right hand of God for ever, but makes my death a paſſage to a bleſſed life of immortality.

The next Requiſite Spiritual is *Hope*. Now this *Hope* is a confidence in God, by which, undoubtedly, we

look for Salvation in Christs name, and here either diminution of the Cross, or sustentation to undergo the Pain. What comfort can there be in this life without this Confidence? I did but live to dye, if I did not hope after death to live. As my Faith bindes me to believe all the Promises, so my Hope assures me, all promised will be performed. And thus as I already said, My Faith looks at the time past, my Hope at the time to come; and whilst my Faith peruses the Evidence, my Hope, though afar off, casts a glance at the Purchase. In the Hand of Faith is the handwriting for Heaven, in the Eye of Hope, the Inheritance our elder Brother purchased for us. Thus Faith is the Keeper of the Records, while Hope insures Possession in Reversion; but if Faith enroll not the Deed for Heaven, Hope fails in its expectation; be sure therefore thou believest, else I am sure thou hast no Hope. Thy

Hope

Hope receives comfort from thy Faith, as the Moon light from the Sun; and as when the body of the Sun is wholly hid, the Moon is all darkneſs, ſo when Faith is ſhadowed over with black and thick temptations, Hope, like the Moon, is not to be ſeen, it hides its head, neither lends it light or comfort to walk thorow this wilderneſs of ſin to the heavenly *Horeb*.

As the ſhadow follows the body, ſo Hope waits at the back of Faith: Faith is the Maſter, Hope the Man, which if I entertain into my family, I am made one of the family of the faithful.

Deſpair in Gods mercy is an utter enemy to Hope; Confidence in Chriſts merits, its faſt friend, Preſumption puts on its apparel, but no more is it, than the Player who acts the part of a Prince, ſo ſeeming, not ſo being. It is Preſumption perſwades me to fear nought, when

nought but danger; but Hope is a ſure Anchor in the moſt violent tempeſt, it holds faſt by the Grave of Chriſt, after that, ſteers it courſe to the Cape of eternal Comfort. It bears me company under the Croſs, and aſſures me, after the Croſs to inherit the Crown: It makes me content with what in hand, for what to have; and if at preſent it mittigates not my pain, yet enſures me, my pains and ſufferings, after a momentany life time, ſhall be turned into everlaſting conſolations.

Happy is that Chriſtian whoſe Hope is in the Lord his God, who ſitting by the banks of *Babel*, his Hope hath tuned that harp, his heart, to ſing a ſong of *Sion*, in hopes once to arrive at the new Jeruſalem; here he is, and in miſery, there is his Hope, and to be in glory; here his anniverſary Vexations make his life a death; there, the joyes of Angels, his death to be deſired more then life.

O let

O let me live and dye in that Hope, which makes the ſtroak of death more welcom to my Soul, than the day of life to my Body; which while in peace it parts with my Corps, with joy carries my Soul into Abrahams *Boſom.*

The laſt Requiſite Spiritual, is *Charity*, which if *in Affectu*, it is *Amor*; which if *in Effectu*, then *Bona opera*. The Root then of Charity is *Love*, the Top-branches *Good Works*; and for this cauſe we will call it charitable Love, or lovely Charity, whoſe ſupreme Object, is God; the middle, mankinde; the third looks us our ſelves fully in the face: thus Heaven above me, the World about me, my Self ſingled out by my Self, are the Objects of Charity; while I enjoyned to love God above all things, love my Neighbour as my Self, and this reſemblance aſſuring me, I muſt love my Self as my Neighbour. And ſo it be not Self-love, let Charity begin

at Home, go on to my Neighbour, climbe up to Heaven; yet let all I do be done for the love of the Lord, who made me a Man; and I muſt love my Maker, who made his Son a Man; and I muſt love Mankinde; whoſe holy Spirit hath ſhed his love into my heart, that I might bear true love to my Soul and Spirit, as to his dear Son and ſuffering Members: yet when ever I begin to love, let God be *primus intentione,* whilſt my love is wared below, *primò executione.* Nature adviſeth thee to love thy ſelf, Grace will teach thee to love God; from God give me leave to counſel thee, to love thy Neighbor. And ſo I come to that I aim, *Charity towards our Neighbour*, *intenſivè*, in good Wiſhes; *extenſivè*, in good Turns: hard Times and harder Hearts cry aloud for Charity; but can that Age be thought to love God the Father, which ſhowes no Charity to the poor Members of Chriſt Jeſus. The

cry

cry was, the Gods are come down in the likeneſs of Men; Hear you not now the cry, it is this, The Devils are come up in the likeneſs of God; for there are, and not a few, who cry up Religion, and cry down Charity; who abhor Idols, and commit Sacriledge; who are all for long Prayers, and under the pretence of long Prayers, they have devoured Widows houſes. This is but a ſmall goblet to that ſome Cormorants have devoured, but the miſery is, they have proclaimed Charity an Heretick; and having done a maſs of Miſchiefs themſelves, they would have it counted a groſs ſin for any to do *Good*. But if I do no good Works in my life, I ſhall die a lamentable Death; if I let my light ſhine before men, I am ſure to dye in the fear of God. We have a ſort who have ſo much preached up Faith, that they have voted down all good Works, forgetting what given in command, *Titus* 3. 8.

But

But I will preach up Works of Charity, leſt the true Faith take her ſelf to her heels, and fly out of our Countrey. A ſad loſs, for we have heard, Faith juſtifies the perſon; and Saint *James* intimates, Works juſtifie the Faith. Well then, if I want Works of Charity to juſtifie my Faith before men, Faith is fled, which ſhould juſtifie me before God: for this cauſe, I muſt call *back good works* into our Land, otherwiſe, no hopes to come into the land of the living. I had need ſound *a loud Trumpet*, or elſe Works of Charity will not be within ſound.

O our ſins have carried into Captivity the bounteful Charity of our Predeceſſors; and *unjuſt Detention* can teſtifie, how they who have the moſt, have the leaſt Charity: thus for our ſins we have loſt all, and this is the great ſin, That ſuch who have the moſt, do the leaſt good with it. They that would, want; they that may,

may, will not: and no marvel, for *Oppreſſion and Charity never keep houſe together; neither gives God him an Heart to do good, whoſe Hand draws out a long Sword to do wrong.*

Here are in our Iſle two ſorts of people, and I will commend unto them two kindes of charitable Works { *Give,* and *Forgive.*

He that hath not to give yet may forgive; it is the Saints Cognizance, *To forgive their very Enemies.* This Charity I commend to the poor plundred People of our Nation, by thus doing, though they have loſt this *worlds Goods*, yet they ſhall obtain a Crown of glory. To move us to it, remember our bleſſed Lord and Saviour forgave his death; we have *two great Maſters* have taught us this Leſſon, and you know what one of them ſaith, *Learn of me.*

Now for the Rich men of theſe

times,

times, something more, as being more enabled, is expected from them, *viz.* to give to the {Poor. / Needy.} And first to the poor Beggar. *O quot vulnera, tot ora ad aperiendum cor tuum!* Chrysost. Every sore upon a Beggar is a sovereign Medicine to revive thy Charity, however to mollifie thy hard Heart, harder then the Caucasean flint; call to minde how he who would not give a crumb of bread, was denied a drop of water; as also, when Charity waxes cold, Hell fire waxes extream hot.

Thou must also give to the *Needy*, to such needy ones, who had had more, if thou less; is he not a sturdy Vagabond takes the whole Patch, and leaves the Family no not one Loaf: when my Estate hath been thy raising, thou art superabundantly uncharitable to see me and mine in an hunger-starving condition. They say, *Past Counsel, past Grace*; lest what said, be

be of thee, too truly verified, go and make thy ſelf a friend of the *unrighteous Mammon*, by uſing that well, thou haſt got too ill. I read in the *Alcoran*, how the Turks ſend abroad their Servants among their Neighbors, to enquire who are in want, *to relieve them.* Truly he is far worſe then a Turk, that takes away all, and gives nought *to him* that hath the moſt right to it. This is he who is more then a blood-ſucking Murtherer of the bleſſed vertue Charity.

True Charity giveth alwayes of her own ſtore; but he is a miſer hath much and gives nought; but he the ſtrong Thief, keeps all his own, and others too.

I wiſh this wretch had as liberal an Hand, as a large Conſcience; and for his own cauſe, much more, ſo he did more good with it. The way to be ſaved is not this ſaving way, Charity walks open handed, and upon juſt occaſion, as ready to give as any to receive.

Rare

Rare is the vertue of Charity, it ſets the ſtamp of Heaven upon all the other Graces; where this is not, nought goes for currant, but all my other endowments counted as ſounding braſs, and tinkling cymbals. This bears me company on earth, and goes to heaven with me; here my Faith and Hope period, but my Charity lives to Eternity. Saith *Jacob*, *Rachel* is dead, and *Ioſeph* is not, and *Benjamin* is onely left: with *Rachel*, our Faith dyes in this life; with *Ioſeph*, after a certain time, and Hope is not; but with *Benjamin*, Charity ſtayes with us, old *Iacobs*, in this Land of Strangers, and travails with us to that *Goſhen*, Gods Kingdom.

It is this Charity makes me be loved of all mankinde and my Maker, while I give God my heart, and lend my Neighbor my counſel to inſtruct him, reach him my hand to uphold him, my purſe to relieve him: all of theſe are the off-ſpring of Charity,

rity, and who is made impotent in one, may do well to be liberal in any of the other.

There is none living that hath uſe of Reaſon, but may be charitable; and indeed, if men were as willing as able, ill Livers need not want good advice, the Poor needed not to ſtarve, the Prieſts beg, nor yet our Churches fall down to ruine. But it is ſtrange to conſider what blinde Superſtition gave, and that you call Religion, hath taken away.

Where are thoſe large Legacies bequeathed by them long ſince dead, to ſupport the Poor alive, *in faſhion in time of Popery?*

Where are thoſe liberal Contributions given by our anceſtors to maintain the lawful ordained Churchmen, *in faſhion in time of Popery?*

Where are thoſe great and vaſt Sums gathered by our fore-elders to build Collegiate Churches, *in faſhion in time of Popery.*

Papiſts

Papists gave so much to the Church, those now call themselves Protestants, suppose less may serve turn: what old Papists gave to God and his Church, these new kinde of Protestants have taken almost all that from Christs Church.

It is strange to me, how that which is called *Agar*, the Bond-woman, should be so fruitful, and *Sarah*, the mother of us all, thus barren.

Bear with me, for mine own part, *I had rather dye the death of that Christian, whose last breath bequeathes to the stony Temple of Christ, the Church, to the living Temples of Christ, the Poor, and his poor despised Prophets, a Legacy with a largeous, than to dye the death of such Gospellers, who are bequeathing the Churches Emoluments to their Heirs.*

To conclude, when Gospel Professors boy up Religion and cry down Charity, let their lives be never so auspicious, their last out-gate will be malevolently ominous.

Now

Now follows a compendious Diary to direct all Christians every day so to lead their life, that at the end of their lives, they may dye the death of the Righteous.

Charity makes me account thee a Christian not in name, but in truth, and therefore a Believer to be saved by the Merits of our Lord and Saviour Christ Jesus; and the better to ensure thee, Christ will save thee, every day exercise thy self in these pious and godly duties; and though all the day cannot be spareed by reason of *Family Care*, yet set apart a part of each day to confirm in thee a Belief, that thou so livest, that thou shalt dye in the Lord.

The Diary contains { *Directions* 7 / *Ejaculations* 7 / *Aleluja's* 7 }

The first Direction.

Sursum Corda.

AFter thou hast risen out of Bed, raise up thy thoughts towards Heaven,

Heaven, and lift up thy Heart unto the Lord by confeſſing his Goodneſs, and begging forgiveneſs of all thy ſins and treſpaſſes: it were well thou wouldſt imitate *Daniel*, who prayed three times in the day unto the Lord; more is not forbid, leſs is not deſired. And if the *Iuſt man* fall ſeven times in a day, a ſinner hath juſt cauſe, at leaſt, to pray thrice in the day, once for Pardon, once for Protection, once for a joyful Diſſolution. Thus begin, thus go on, and thus continue; let it be thy Morning, Noon, and Even task, and ſince commonly ſo oft thou eateſt, as oft pray, that as thy Body, ſo thy Soul may receive ſpiritual nutriment.

The Ejaculation.

LOrd, I beg of thee a diſcerning Spirit, that *by me* thy Mercies may be magnified; a broken Heart, that I may reckon up all my ſins in the

the bitterneſs of my ſoul; as alſo that thou Lord wouldſt ſharpen my blunted Goad and Mattock, by doubling upon me the Spirit of Prayer and Supplication.

The Alleluja.

PRaiſed be the name of the Lord for this my Omer full of the Spirit of Prayer, though another have the Ephah; and I doubt not but my little Oyl will laſt, till the ſiege of *Holofernes* be raiſed, and I delivered.

The ſecond Direction.

Principiis obſta.

LEt it be thy next work to reſiſt the beginnings of ſin, the firſt wafting motions to do evil, many will be offered, let all be refuſed; theſe with the Hebrew Boyes muſt be ſmothered in their ſwadling-belt,

as

as being the first spawn of Original corruption. They are the day-break of sin, but the break-neck of a Christian: The first give Actual sins an internal conception, and the first witness we must die for it, if not suppresst; which at first is easily done by the help of Divine circumspection, which if let be resident in the Heart, quickly overspread the whole Isle of Man, as the little Cloud did the large Firmament. These evil Motions, do what we can, will break in; that required is, not to let them rest quiet, but to break this cockatrice Egg, before there be hatched a Serpent. This is to nip sin in the blossom, and though it bud, not to let it bring forth into outward act. An heroick act of a Saint, to stop the current of Corruption, and drain the stream of Original sin before it fall into the wide channel of external evil.

The Ejaculation.

LOrd, aid me with a ſtedfaſt reſolution to reſiſt the Devil and his Temptations, and that Delay may not damnifie me, but that before Sin rallie all his men at * Arms, his new arrayed * Forces, I may force out of that Field, my Heart.

* *Actual ſinnes.*
* *Evil motions.*

The Alleluja.

I Thank God who hath put this good work into the heart of me his Servant, betimes to ſhut the flood-gates of ſin before another * World be drowned, and for theſe his Mercies to me in the midſt of my extreme miſery, praiſed be the Lord world without end.

* *Man is called the little world.*

The third Direction.

Ne ſit aberratio cordis.

SInce wafting Motions once entred in, preſently are preſſing Mans frail Reaſon to make ſubſcription, let it therefore be the next part of thy day work, *to ſhun heart wandring after ſin*; I may on a ſudden be ſet on, now I know it is an enemy, it is a ſhame to dote on him; when waſting motions enter in, they Alarum, if once I ſubſign their Articles, I am made a ſlave to carnal concupiſcence; wafting Motions they now come, and thou now draweſt out the ſword of the Spirit; but being come, if they have leave to forrage all over Heart-ſhire, thy conveying unto ſin this ſigniory, hath made thee loſe thy own liberty. I charge thee therefore, O Chriſtian, not upon demand to yield, nor yet let ſins ſugred profers ſteal thy heart from thy liege Lord:

I

I would not adviſe to this, had we care and power to perform the former; our debility to keep out, muſt preſs us on to keep ſome Inland for the Lord. See then thou ſuffer not evil thoughts to wander through the confines of thy Heart; every day ſome enter, every day do thou encounter, and keep ſafe for the King of Iſrael, thy *Judgement*, *Will*, *Affections*. Thus ſin, who crept in in his infancy, ſhall be ſent a packing ere he grow to ripe years; and though he were conveyed into thy ſoul in his ſwadling-belt, ſhal be ſent out of thy heart in his winding ſheet, whilſt a * Trinity of Gariſons, aſſiſted by a Trinity of * Graces, ſtand firm for the Trinity of Perſons, Father, Sonne, and holy Ghoſt.

* *Judgement, Will, Affections.*

* *Three Theological Vertues.*

The Ejaculation.

O Lord, though ſin be here dwelling, yet let not ſin reign in my

mortal body, that I ſhould obey it in the luſts thereof; but grant that as I have given my Members ſervants to uncleanneſs, to iniquity unto iniquity, ſo henceforward, I may give my Members ſervants unto holineſs unto righteouſneſs.

The Alleluja.

I Thank God that *two in twelve of the tribes of Iſrael, follow not *Jeroboam* the ſon of *Nebat* who made Iſrael to ſin; but that ſome of the Subjects of King *Solomon* make conſcience of their Oath of Allegiance paſt to his ſon *Rehoboam*.

* *He means that a part of him reſiſts the Devil, and ſerves the Lord Jeſus, as bound by Oath in Baptiſm.*

The fourth Direction.

Acurata ſcrutinatio.

COnſidering oft Reaſon is ſeduced, and ſin ſided with, go make priv

privy ſearch to day, through all the Precincts * of the Soul, and * Cinque-ports of the Body, for thoſe Felons who have ſtoln thy heart from the God of Iſrael, by pretending they are Iſraelites when Iſhmaelites, Moral vertues when Mortal ſins, or elſe Theological graces when Hypocritical vices. Theſe will come to thee diſguiſed like Players who perſonate Princes; thus Covetouſneſs will pretend ſhe is good Husbandry; Pride, Decency; Church-robbery vails his face with the Vizard of a glorious Reformation; and Preſumption hath taken upon him the name of Confidence in Chriſts Merits. And thus the moſt horrid ſins ſtick not to put on the mask either of Honeſt Morality, or Chriſtian Piety; by which means, thouſands of men and women admit into the ſoul, enemies to God, enemies to themſelves, whilſt ſuch ſins as work the diſhonour of God

* *Souls Faculties.*
* *Five Senſes.*

and the undoing of their poor ſouls. It is a prime part of a good day work to finde out who they are, who unſuſpected have paſſed our Guards and Watches, I mean the *ſplendida peccata*, theſe ſins in ſhining Corſlets, which have the faces of Angels, but are the off-ſpring of Devils. *The Law*, O Chriſtian, will help thee to finde out theſe periwig Vices, it did as much for *Paul*, *Rom. 6.* it will do as much for thee. And know it for the truth of God, that where the *Law* hath made no ſuch detection of ſin, there the *Goſpel* affords no aſſurance of ſalvation: it is wiſdom therefore to go up to flaming mount Sinai, as well as viſit the pleaſant mount Sion; for be aſſured till *Moſes* launch the Sore, Chriſt will not cure the Wound; neither art thou ſenſible thou art wounded, till the Law preached diſcover it; if therefore thou wouldſt finde out the Out-law, acquaint thy ſelf with the Law of God. Eat the

Book

Book with *Ezekiel*, read the Law with *Ezra*, yea, lay every Commandment close to thy conscience; thus by the help of God, the slough of sin shall be pulled off, and sin discovered, yea, this * Hue and Cry being sent out, the * Thieves shall be apprehended and put to death.

* *Ten Commandments.*
* *Secret sins.*

The Ejaculation.

LOrd, upon the bended knees of my soul and body, I most humbly crave thou wouldst not snuff out the burning * Tapers of the Temple, at which the candle of Conscience hath oft been enlightned, but alarum all those with the voyce of a Bonarges, who for worldly ends have made a defection from *our Sion*; and by the trumpet of thy Law, awake us and our drowsie consciences, which as yet sleep in sins and trespasses.

* *Law Preachers.*

The Alleluja.

THough prosperous success, malicious wickedness, and hellish ignorance, have dim'd the eyes of many thousands, yet glory be to God, for that here is light in *Goshen*, whilst darkness in *Egypt*, and that flaming mount Sinai hath let me see my sins, whilst holy mount Sion endeavours to *finde me out a Saviour.*

The fifth Direction.

Contraria contrariis.

AFter search be made and the enemies found out, thy day work grows on to an happy closure, if presently thou raise up Forces to withstand the sinful Band. Let the new arrayed Forces be contrary lustings; as, be it Pride hath given an onset upon thy heart, forthwith go raise all under the conduct of Humility,

lity, call to minde what thou art, duſt and aſhes, earth, and earth corrupted; and ſo ſore corrupted, that it coſt the Heart Blood of Chriſt to purifie thee from the filth and putrefaction of the fleſh. If Diſcontent at the Government in Church or Commonwealth ſollicite thee in ſecret to take up Arms againſt the lawful Power, raiſe up *from the dead*, thoughts, how *Korah* and his company are ſaid to rebel againſt the Lord of hoſts, while they make an Inſurrection againſt *Moſes* and *Aaron*. When the Whore tempts, and ſayes, My Huſband is gone into a far countrey, come in and ſollace thy ſelf until the morning; ſpeedily, *otherwiſe thou art undone*, raiſe up thoughts how thou art Chriſt's Spouſe, whom he himſelf calls, My love, my dove, my undefiled, and that ſuch as he accounts thee, ſuch thou oughteſt to be; ſo ſoon as any vice prances into thy preſence, draw out the Vertue to encounter it,

and no doubt, but chaſte thoughts call'd in, will chaſe away Adultery; loyal thoughts rouzed up, will baniſh from thy Heart all traitorous Deſignes; and thy humble proſtrating thy ſoul at the footſtool of mercy, under a ſenſe of Gods wrath and thy due demerit, this ſhall root all the power of Pride out of thy heart. And this is my fifth advice, to raiſe contrary Luſtings, which by Gods grace will enable thee to reſiſt the luſts of the fleſh, the luſt of the eyes, and pride of life.

The Ejaculation.

O Lord, I have already found them out whom my ſoul abhors, enemies to thy glory, and foes to my eternal welfare; they came to me diſguiſed, but are diſcovered; pretended peace, provide for war: thy aid, O Lord, is begg'd againſt theſe ſons of Belial, and that thou wouldſt ſupply my broken Squadrons

drons with new Forces, with ſuch who have ever been at open enmity with theſe my privy enemies. Raiſe up, O Lord, in me thoſe Graces which are at as much variance with theſe Vices, as the Samaritans with the Jews; then Lord will I enter the combat, and be more than conqueror through Chriſt that gives me victory.

The Alleluja.

O Lord, for theſe thy graces given to me, all glory be given to thee; thou haſt furniſhed me with forces fit to encounter my foes, Lord accept of thanks till the laſt Enemy be ſlain, then my feeble Thanks ſhall be turned into eternal Praiſe. It is onely theſe *Gwelfs* are irreconcileable with theſe *Gebelines*, and theſe little *Davids* can kill theſe great *Goliahs*; I am now provided for the fight, and perceive my party ſtronger then the enemy; all this is of the Lords doing,

and it is marvellous in my eyes, and for it praised be the Lord of hosts from generation to generation.

The sixth Direction.

Scriptum est.

PRovide to day, before the combat grow too hot, the warlike weapon, this weapon is Gods word, sharper than a two edged sword, and to show the true vertue of this weapon. I read of a story concerning *Marinus* and *Theotecnus*, the one a Souldier, the other a Bishop; the Souldier being to suffer as a Martyr, the Bishop brought to him in the one hand a Bible, in the other a sword, will'd him to chuse which for his defence; the Christian Souldier makes chose of the Scripture: and in very deed this is that Sword of the Spirit, by which the godly are enabled to cut off the head of this Agite and that Amalekite. With this

Scriptum

Scriptum eſt Chriſt cudgel'd the Devil, and beat back his ſtrong temptation; I adviſe thee therefore to be mighty in the Scriptures with *Apollos*; ſearch into the Books of the Old and New Teſtament as the Nobles of *Berea* did into *Pauls* Sermon, in them thou ſhalt finde everlaſting life: In thoſe Apothecary ſhops there is a weapon Salve for every ſore, and a Preſervative againſt all ſorts of ſinful Peſtilence. Every day then that the Devil tempts thee to whoredom, beat him back with that *Scriptum eſt*, *Hoſ.* 4. 11. where recorded, how Wine, and new Wine, and Women, ſteal away the heart, they leave not a man a heart in his belly to think of God Almighty. When the Devil tempts thee to Sacriledge, a gainful ſin to Hell, while whole Pariſhes die in damnable Ignorance, for want of a Prieſtly maintenance. Quote him *Malachy* 3. 8. where ſaid, and by the Lord, You have robbed *me*, but

wherein?

wherein? in Tythes and Offerings. Where you see, God accounts of your robbing us, the robbing himself. When cunningly the old Serpent insinuates unto thee thou mayest preach and administer the Sacraments, for hast the gift of the Spirit; alledge against him that Scripture, None ought to take upon them that high Calling, but such as were called, as *Aaron*. This Scripture-skirmish constantly prevails; if we mean then to overmaster our sin, let us imitate our Saviour, *Mat.* 4. and no sooner be set on, but at the same instant give sin an onset with *Scriptum est*.

The Ejaculation.

O Lord, I have lost all my livelihood, as also a large part of my liberty, pleasure is parted from me, cares are my continual companions; and to fill up the measure of my grief, I who in conscience am bound to preach,

preach, am forbid to preach to my own Pariſhioners, and all ſtrangers forbid to hear me pray or preach: had not my ſins ſtuck too cloſe to me, theſe arrows of the Lords fierce indignation, had not ſtuck ſo deep in me. Lord, let my loſs be my gains, while by my loſs I learn to acknowledge my ſin, and ſerve thee; and that, that enemy to my Peace may be outed, and my ſoul ſaved, Lord, let that *Word*, which I muſt not be allowed to declare to others, dwell plentifully in me; yea, let thy word be a light to *my wayes* and a lanthorn to *my feet*, to guide *me* through this crooked Generation towards the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Alleluja.

PRaiſed be my God who hath not left my ſoul in an Hell of ignorance, but the better that I may encounter all my ſpiritual enemies, hath made

made known to me, *& verbum Chriſtum, & verbum Chriſti*, Chriſt and his Goſpel, my Saviour and his good pleaſure; nay more, *both Moſes and Chriſt Jeſus*. Till this Day-ſtar appeared, I ſate in darkneſs and in the ſhadow of death; I knew them not that entred my heart, nor had I a weapon to withſtand them. But now the Night is far ſpent, and the Day is at hand, yea, the Sun is riſen; the Sun of knowledge it ſhines in the Firmament of my Heart, by it, that I am enabled to diſcern who is the Iſraelite, who the Canaanite, who the Gileadite, *Judg.* 12. who the Ephraimite, who for God, who for Baal; yea, that I can by that light, O Lord, thy Word, diſcern and overcome all the diſordered are * here quartered; for it, praiſed be Lord world without end.

* *In his heart.*

The ſeventh Direction.

Deus videt.

EVery day bear in mind how God ſees and knows, *Ier.* 23. 24. whatſoever we think, ſpeak, or do. It is a ſhort requeſt, it brings a great profit, for a ſtrong bulwark againſt Temptations, and a rare Receipt to cure dangerous diſeaſes. I am perſwaded we would live as in Heaven, did we believe God ſaw all we do upon Earth; and yet we ſee nought is hid from the face of the Sun, a *Creature*, much leſs can ought be hid from the eye of God, the *Creator*. He that made the Ear, ſhall he not hear; he that made the Eye, ſhall he not ſee; his Omniſcience and Omnipreſence ſhow he is privy to all our actions, yea, to all our inmoſt ſecrets; for he it is, and none elſe, who tries the heart and ſearches the reins. The belief of this is the good Chriſtians gains, humbling

bling his ſoul for what paſt, and deterring the man from ſin for the time to come. A common ſtrumpet being asked by the Philoſopher, whether, as formerly in private, ſo now in publique, ſhe would play the whore in the market-place of *Edeſſa*, anſwered, *No*; for then ſaid ſhe, every one will ſee me. If ſhe ſo much feared the eye of man, how may it reſtrain me from ſin, who am fully perſwaded my Lord and my God ſees me. Good Chriſtian, before thou goeſt down to work in *Egypts* brick-kilns, let this be remembred, *Deus videt*, God ſees; let this divine Truth not onely be fluttering in thy brain, but bottomed in thy heart; thus thou ſhalt have leſs work, and larger wage, neither need ſo much ſearch be made who came hither, when *Deus videt*, ſits as Porter at the * Door, then will many thouſand of * Vagabonds be ſent in as much haſte out of the heart, as the

* *The heart.*
* *Vain thoughts.*

faln

faln Angels out of Heaven; and none be admitted into *Lots* houſe, but *bleſſed* * Angels. Thy ſerious acknowledgement *quod Deus videt*, will ſtop thy ſoul in its full carreir to Hell, and countermand thy carnal heart to retreat, yea, force thee to face about from looking back with *Lots* wife to carnal *Sodom*, and make thee march on to that ſacred *Zoar*, where thy ſoul mayeſt dwell in ſafety.

* *Sanctified Motions.*

The Ejaculation.

LOrd, I believe, help my unbelief, and now that my eye of Reaſon fails, let me by the eye of Faith be brought to acknowledge thy Omnipreſence. I cannot while in this frail Tabernacle ſee thee and live, grant me faith to believe thou ſeeſt me and all I do, that I may not dye eternally. Let thy all-ſeeing Eye terrifie me from ſin, that ſo my ſinful

Work being leſs, thy reward of Mercy may be more; nor look I for ſo great a largeous for any good I can do, but for that thou, O God, I truſt for Chriſt his ſake, will be merciful to me a miſerable ſinner.

The Alleluja.

ALl glory be given to the God of Heaven, who hath not ſhut me up under unbelief, but impowred his unworthy Servant to believe, that for the Truth of God, which fleſh and blood never revealed. Ride on, O Lord, with thine Honour, and whilſt I have Grace freely given, by thy all-ſeeing Eye, to be kept ſafe from the great Offence, for it, all honour, glory and praiſe, be given to thee, thy Son, and bleſſed Spirit, world without end.

Lord, while I ſound this Trumpet to others, let me not be Deaf my ſelf.

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